Photo *Hutchinson & Svendsen.*

When Nature made that faultless nose,
She placed a mouth like budding rose
Beneath it,
Above she set her brightest pair
Of eyes; then found the face so fair
She chose with her most perfect hair
To wreath it.

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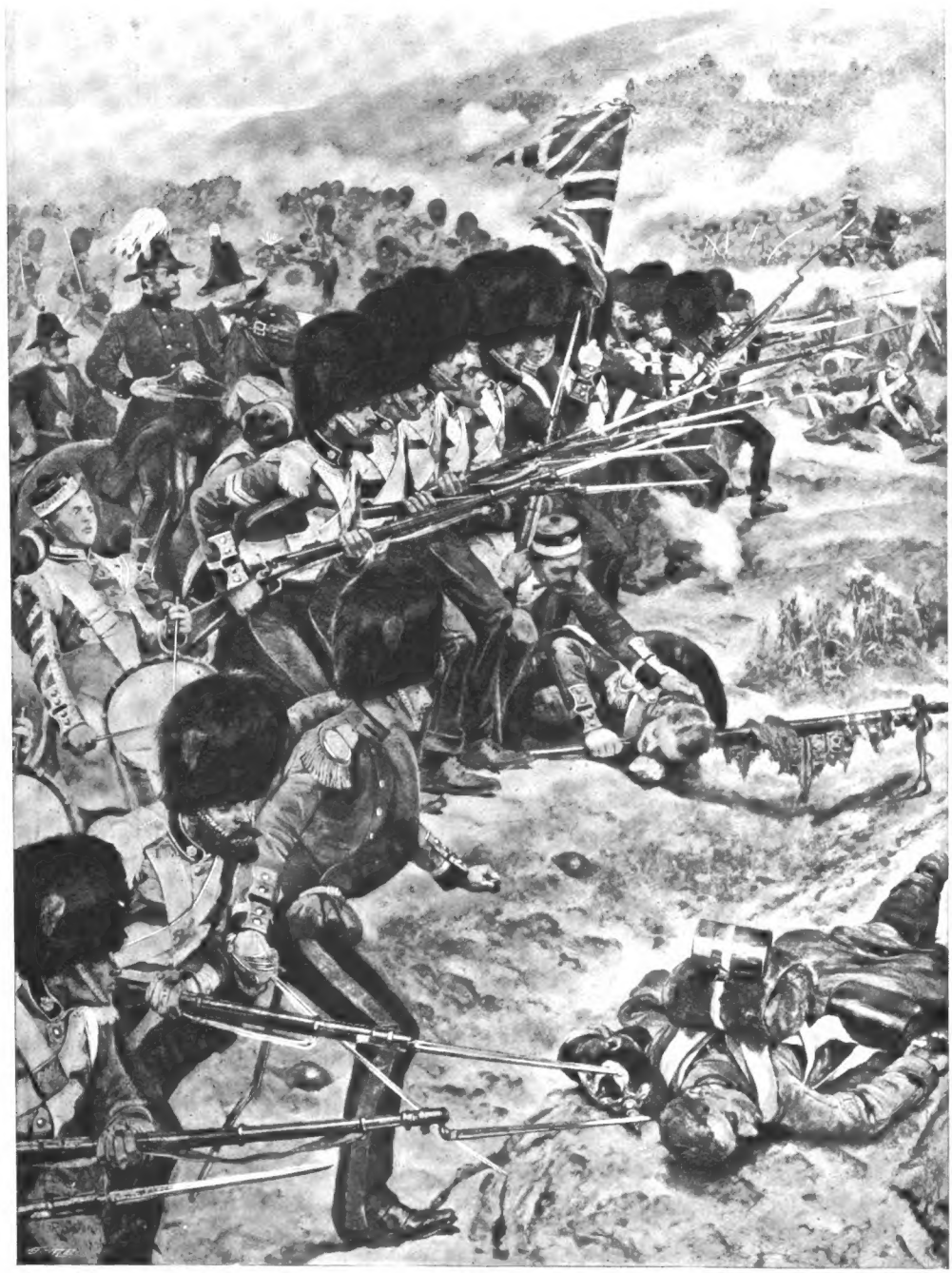

By permission of Henry Graves & Co., 6 Pall Mall, London, W. *From the painting by R. Caton Woodville.*

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA (STORMING THE GREAT REDOUBT).

This celebrated picture illustrates the chief incident described in SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS, *on page* 167.

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FROM·THE·STALLS

GABRIELLE RAY.

"Lady Dorothy."

Petite, with dark eyes and pretty hair, Miss Gabrielle Ray looked very charming as Lady Dorothy Congress in "The Little Cherub."

She only came to London four years ago, and has played in "The Orchid," "The Girl from Kay's," "The Toreador," and "Lady Madcap."

"I don't like interviewers," said Miss Ray, thoughtfully eating a piece of toffee, "and this is my first interview. I'm always shy with strangers, and one gets bothered so much by photographers and journalists. I'm afraid I'm just a little bit lazy, too."

"I think I've danced nearly all my life," she continued. "I love dancing, but I never practise.

"I swim, and I'm learning to ride, but I'm rather nervous. Do you think I've told you enough, now?"

Photo *Foulsham & Banfield*

Photo *Play Pictorial.*

GEORGE CARROLL.

"Ethelbert."

Bright and merry-faced, with a confiding manner, Mr. George Carroll is adding, in "The Little Cherub" to the evergreen laurels he won as Corporal Ham in "Lady Madcap."

A fortunate accident almost forced Mr. Carroll before the public.

He was originally a call-boy in the provinces, but got moved to the Gaiety Theatre. Mr. George Edwardes was producing "Don Juan," and Mr. Arthur Roberts had the leading part. Mr. Edmund Payne understudied him, but he also had another part.

On the second night Arthur Roberts was ill. Edmund Payne naturally took his place, but who was to take Edmund Payne's?

Someone said: "The call-boy knows the lines and business; give him a chance." Thus did Mr. Carroll make his *début*.

Since his first appearance, Mr. Carroll has played many parts, and has become an immense favourite with the great army of theatre-goers.

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Photo *Lallie Charles.*

EDNA MAY.

"The Belle of Mayfair."

"It is not often I have such an attractive lady to see me in the rain!" said President Roosevelt to Miss Edna May, as he handed her a signed picture of himself, just before she left for England.

She thinks the President "just sweet," and she is equally enthusiastic over her warm welcome back to England.

Miss May had no time for frivolity on board the big German liner that brought her over. She received Mr. Leslie Stuart's songs and the script of her part in "The Belle of Mayfair" before she started, so that she was kept well occupied throughout the voyage.

Like Lord Roberts, Miss May "does not advertise." She prefers to keep professional interviewers at a respectful distance.

A good rule for the States no doubt, Miss May, but quite unnecessary here!

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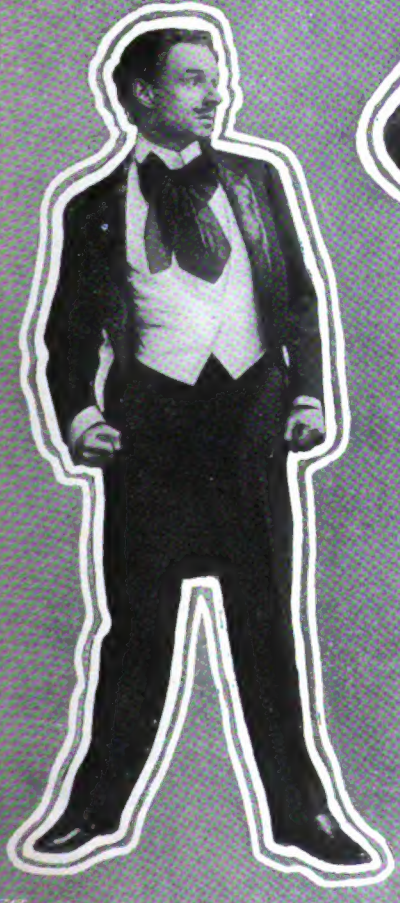
JAMES WELCH,

The Popular Comedian.

Mr. James Welch's philosophy of life is expressed by his own phrase, "Healthy Pessimism."

"Always be prepared for the worst, never expect anything good to happen, and then you see you can never be disappointed!

"Supposing a man were to come to me, and say 'my dear Welch, you can't act,' I should not be a bit surprised, nor hurt.



I should think very likely he's quite right, and I should continue to go on my way just the same, because I have my living to get.

"How did I make my name? Well, I suppose I've really made eighteen names! Every character I take seems like beginning all over again!

"I have given the public a lot of hard work, but I'm going to get it all back from them some day."

Mr. Welch has never made a greater hit than when playing the part of Lord Cyril Garston in "The New Clown."

Photos *Dover St. Studios.*

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

AGNES FRASER (Mrs. Walter Passmore).

A Delightful Singer.

The concert hall was a loser, and the stage a gainer by Miss Agnes Fraser's choice of a career. Miss Fraser (Mrs. Walter Passmore) is a very lovely woman with a delicate complexion and beautiful eyes—and she has a rich soprano voice. London is always ready to welcome Miss Fraser, and wishes her a long success in her new part, Winifred, in the musical play "The Dairymaids." Her husband, Mr. Passmore, appears as Sam Brudenell in the same piece. The retirement of Miss Isabel Jay gave Miss Fraser her chance at the Savoy, and her beautiful voice and charm of manner made her *rôle* in "Merrie England" a striking success.

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Photo *Dover Street Studios.*

DORIS BERESFORD.

A Gaiety Girl, and the god-daughter of the late Wilkie Collins.

Photo *Dover Street Studios.*

NANCY MALONE.

Whose rendering of Violet Brinton in "Mr. Popple" was very charming.

Photo *Johnston & Hoffmann*

DORA LANGHAM.

Miss Langham strongly resembles Miss Gabrielle Ray, whom she understudies.

Photo *Lallie Charles.*

LILIAN BURNS.

A charming young actress well-known to provincial playgoers.

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Photo *Bassano.*

MAY DE SOUSA.

Cinderella.

Pretty Miss May de Sousa, who played "Cinderella" in the late Drury Lane Pantomime, is a daughter of America. Her father is a Chicago politician, and this fact caused her *début*. A friend wrote a song on the political situation when she was fifteen, and little Miss de Sousa tripped on to the boards of a variety theatre and sang it. "People are real nice to me in England," said Miss de Sousa rapturously. "I've had flowers and telegrams and kind letters in shoals." In fact, the universal opinion was summed up by the Drury Lane call-boy in his speech at the supper after the last performance of "Cinderella." "Miss de Sousa is a darling!" he said.

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Phot

VESTA

The Famous Male

Miss Vesta Tilley, the cleverest of male impersonators, is the possessor of a wardrobe of masculine garments, which for variety and extent is well calculated to make the heaviest of West-end swells green with envy.

She always carries a tremendous amount of male clothing about with her, and her wardrobe fills a great many boxes of all kinds.

On the way over to America she unfortunately lost one of her trunks. Did this ruinous loss reduce Miss Tilley to tears? No. This trunk was only one of many, and was by no means more bounteously furnished than any or each of those that safely arrived.

Philco Co.

TILLEY.

Impersonator.

After this, can we wonder at the gala reception accorded Miss Tilley by the Professional Women's Trousers Club of New York?

To that Society she must have appeared an object of admiration indeed!

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ALICE HATTON.

Of the Gaiety Theatre.

A sweet, sad little face, surmounted by wavy dark hair, and set with soft, reproachful brown eyes—and you have Miss Alice Hatton.

"If I had everything in the world I want," she says, "I don't think I could ever be happy. I cannot forget the misery and suffering that is always going on about me."

Photo Hutchinson & Svendsen.

PAULINE CHASE

A Fair American.

Perhaps the reason Miss Pauline Chase loves England better than her native America, is her confessed preference for Englishmen.

Miss Chase's dog, Doodie, is gifted with a remarkable bump of locality. No matter when or where he goes astray, he always turns up all right at the theatre.

Miss Chase has been on tour with Miss Ellen Terry, motoring, by the way, and she has played before the King in "Pantaloon" at Windsor and Sandringham.

Photo Ellis & Walery.

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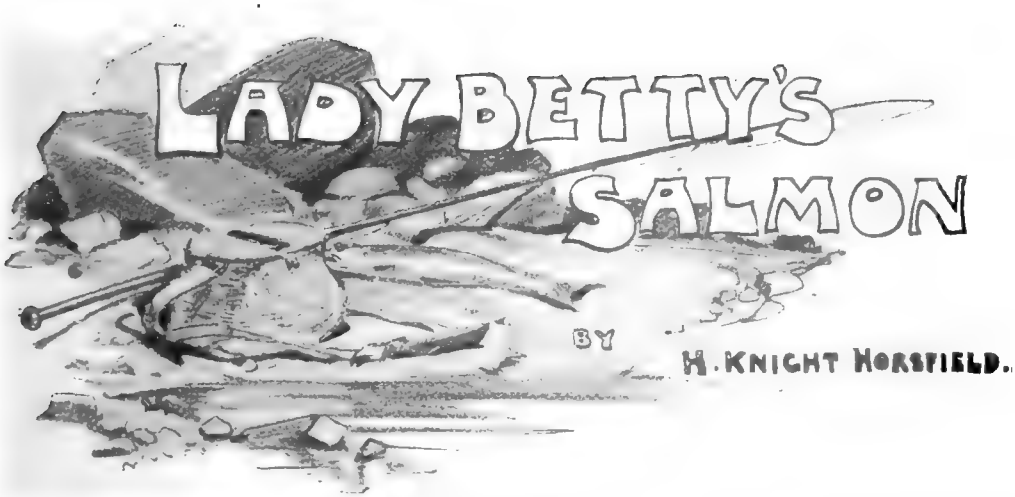

A Fishing Story.

GUY STACPOOLE watched the small form of Lady Betty with obvious disapproval. A silver birch grew on the lawn before the window. A little while before, a willow wren had moved restlessly in its branches; now, as the evening fell, a single star shone through its graceful, drooping sprays. In the gathering darkness, the great trees lost their outline, and the shrubberies were mere bands of gloom. Yet still a glimpse of Lady Betty's white dress could be caught in the gaps of the rhododendrons as she moved in earnest converse with her new friend.

Guy turned at length from the window. It was, of course, no business of his. If Lady Betty preferred an evening's *tête-à-tête* with an elderly Adonis to a game of billiards with him, that was a matter which concerned herself alone. Thus, having proved to himself that he was in no way interested in the girl's movements, he proceeded to pace the room like a caged tiger, biting his cigar, and breathing general curses upon the sex.

Fate seemed to be especially hard upon him just then. He had come to this old Perthshire stronghold with such high hopes. But the autumn fishing had been a dead failure. During the whole time of his visit not a single fresh-run salmon had been taken.

Finding the game hopeless, most of the other guests had departed, devising many excuses for curtailing their stay. And he had been left—left with Lady Betty, practically alone; for the presence of his genial and purblind hostess formed a pleasant cover for love-making rather than a bar to it. And now at the eleventh hour, just at dinner-time, in fact, a certain Colonel Ingram had turned up unexpectedly, and Betty, the girl to whom he had attached himself for a whole fortnight (a most unusual thing with him), who had borrowed his fly-book, and used him as a gillie generally, had calmly gone over to the unknown enemy bag and baggage.

* * * * *

Then another thought occurred to him. Was he perfectly certain that his feelings in regard to Lady Betty were of the same calmly philosophic nature as in his previous flirtations? Were they not, indeed, deeper than he knew?

The evening was chilly, and a log fire burnt in the great hall, throwing a flickering light on the stag-heads and burnished arms. It was growing disgracefully late. As Guy reflected, his mood became darker. A little while ago, if Betty had presented herself with a suitable apology, he might have forgiven her; but now he was not prepared to let his anger go lightly. He felt clearly aggrieved.

At length she appeared, with a fleecy cloud thrown over her shoulders—bright, winsome, charming, but giving no sign of penitence. Guy was silent. At the sight of her blue eyes his heart softened, but he felt that discipline must be maintained. She came forward, placed one little foot on the stone fender, and rested her chin on her hand thoughtfully.

"It's rather late for billiards," she said at length. It was not, of course, but Guy assented drily that the hour for billiards had long gone by. Then a dark silence fell between the pair.

"Why don't you talk?" asked Lady Betty suddenly. "You are more than usually owl-like to-night."

This was carrying the war into the enemy's country. Guy found his original store of resentment returning.

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A glimpse of Lady Betty's white dress could be caught . . . as she moved in earnest converse with her new friend.

"I have not hitherto been able to hit upon a remark quite suited to the occasion," he replied. And a long silence fell again. Guy left Lady Betty to break it.

"What has paralysed your powers of conversation?" she inquired at last.

He paused. "I expected something in the nature of an apology," he said.

"An apology! Why?"

"For your heartless desertion. For your abandoned and flirtatious conduct. Have I no rights?"

"None that I am aware of. Certainly not the right to be rude."

Her colour was rising. She looked very fair in the fitful glow of the fire.

"Come, Betty," he said more gently, "we may as well be friends. We're wasting time. You seem to forget that I am the person aggrieved."

"You said that I was heartless."

"Well?"

"And an abandoned flirt."

"So you are."

Lady Betty drew her small figure to its full height. "Mr. Stacpoole," she said, "I—I hate you. I will never speak to you again."

And thereupon she swept from the hall the image of outraged dignity.

* * *

Left to himself, Guy felt thoroughly discomfited. It was doubly hard to be defrauded of a whole evening, and then to be treated as the aggressor. However, he felt convinced that Lady Betty would see the error of her ways in the morning, and he proceeded to soothe his outraged feelings by winning a couple of sovereigns at pool from the interloping Colonel.

But in counting upon Lady Betty's contrition in the morning, Guy reckoned without his hostess. Nursing her wrongs in the solitude of her chamber, she refused to come down to breakfast. As she looked from her window, however, and observed that the weather was ideal for fishing, she resolved to temper a becoming hauteur with a reasonable amount of mercy. For, after all, Guy—or rather Mr. Stacpoole—had certain redeeming qualities to set against his occasional lack of a fitting humility. He had been useful in many ways. Knowing her absorbing desire to catch her first salmon, he had neglected his own sport in order to attend her, carrying her basket, pointing out

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the likely casts, tying on her flies—indeed, she now remembered, with some little contrition, that all her most suitable tackle had been contributed from time to time from Guy's plethoric store.

"I almost wish I had told him now," she thought, "that Colonel Ingram is my father's oldest friend, and has just brought me such good news of him from India."

In the end she decided to look on Guy with as much kindness as her injured dignity permitted, and to restore him, by slow degrees, to his old position of favour and of service.

But when she looked discreetly around, Mr. Stacpoole was not to be seen, and she then learnt from a casual remark of the Colonel that he had set out for the river an hour or two earlier. Lady Betty felt this to be clearly wrong. Achilles might fitly retire to her darkened tent, but that everybody else should do so was simply to court absurdity. It was plainly Mr. Stacpoole's *rôle* to be hanging about the premises, with subdued mien, on the off-chance of any undeserved charity coming his way. Tears came into Lady Betty's blue eyes when she realised how grossly he was neglecting his opportunities.

But the morning was the main thing—it was such a lovely fishing day. There had been rain in the night, and now a gentle wind bore the big, grey clouds slowly across the sky. With Guy's assistance, her great dream might have been realised—a silvery salmon might have been hers, and she herself the heroine of the dinner table. On mature reflection, she felt that Mr. Stacpoole should be thoroughly ashamed of himself.

* * * * *

Her rod had not been taken down; it rested at full length on the hooks of the verandah. She might at least try a few casts in the nearest pool—not with any hope of success, but merely to show her independence. Rather disconsolately she took her way by the little path through the fir-trees which led to the river. Soon she reached the great rocks where she and Mr. Stacpoole had so often rested. At the head of the pool the water, broken by the foss into whitened billows, surged and raged furiously, but here it became calmer, and swept steadily by with hardly a break on its foam-flecked surface.

Below the rocks, which projected far into the stream, the pool widened, and the long, dark stretch was guarded on either bank by great, overhanging trees. Lady Betty adjusted her rod with a half-sigh—there was really little to do beyond passing the line through the rings, for the reel was already in its place, but the task was an unaccustomed one.

Then it suddenly occurred to her that she had omitted to bring her fly-book. This was extremely annoying, but not inexcusable, for hitherto Mr. Stacpoole had attended to all detail of this kind. Still, she would not return altogether defeated. Although she had not the remotest expectation of rising a fish, it was still impossible to lash the stream minus a fly of some kind without loss of self-respect. It chanced that she had a fly—a small, reddish insect, with about four inches of rather coarse gut attached, pinned in her cap—more as a badge of her calling than for use in any serious emergency.

She gazed at it wistfully. It would do, of course. Not for one moment did she regret the absence of all the elaborate "Jock Scotts" and "Durham Rangers," over which Mr. Stacpoole had pored so anxiously. But the trouble was, how was she to tie it on?

She remembered that her late attendant first carefully soaked the gut, and this, of course, was easy, but afterwards his deft fingers had performed certain intricate evolutions which she had never taken the trouble to follow. "This will do quite all right," she said to herself at last, although she smiled a little when she saw the grotesque insect dangling, tied on anyhow to the trace by its meagre four inches of gut, and reflected upon Mr. Stacpoole's accurately measured and graduated casts, and his knots so carefully trim.

Armed at length, she approached a flat rock, and essayed a cast. The stout line fell heavily upon the water, and the fly, after a few aimless gyrations, gripped a submerged stone. She jerked it free, a little viciously, and it reappeared with a streamer of weed attached. After all, fishing alone was uninteresting, even irritating work.

She cleared her fly, and returned it to the stream listlessly, neglecting such casting craft as her late mentor had endeavoured to instil. It hung in the current barely two yards away from her rod-tip, as she turned and cast a glance down the riverside, vaguely hoping that the familiar figure might appear through the fir trees. Then suddenly a strange and almost terrible thing happened. Through the black swirl a great bar of silver cleft its way almost at her feet, and as it turned, she saw the huge, spade-like tail lashing the water into foam.

A mighty salmon, great beyond her wildest

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In a moment more he was in the water, waist deep, with bared gaff.

dreams, had seized the submerged fly, and even now, as she grasped the rod, the reel screamed and the line cut through the water like the bow of a racing yacht in a gale. The blood fled from her cheeks, leaving her pallid as a flake of foam, and she clutched the rod convulsively. For a moment her heart failed her. The positions of captor and captive seemed to be reversed. She felt herself a trembling victim glued to the rod, and held in check by this fierce monster of the deep, which was now careering proudly away in the still, black water beneath the trees. But by slow degrees something of her courage returned. If by any chance she could get it to land; if she could kill it unaided and alone, her glory would shine forth untarnished for evermore.

And now the great fish appeared to grow more reasonable. It sailed nearer and nearer, in wide circles, allowing her trembling hands to recover something of the line. Lady Betty was an adept in feminine blandishments rather than in the stern arts of war. It seemed to her for a moment, as the tightened line moved slowly to her side of the stream, that her monster might be cajoled, by some soothing flattery, into permitting himself to be run aground in the little reedy hollow in the bank which seemed so fittingly to await him.

But herein Lady Betty much misjudged her fish. Just when he appeared to be favouring her wishes in the most good-tempered way, he paused, reflected for a moment, and then, with a hideous rush and jar, tore up stream, all heedless of the jagged and broken rocks which barred his course. In one fell burst he had run out all the toilfully recovered line, and it was only by a resolute effort that his captor resisted the temptation to put the rod quietly down and retire to some secluded spot to weep.

The battle proceeded unequally. An unbiassed observer might have believed that the fish was playing the lady rather than the lady the fish, so utterly were Lady Betty's spasmodic

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movements inspired and controlled by the will of the despotic monster to which she was linked.

She had already begun to hate it; to wish that it would set her free to go her way in peace, when it unexpectedly showed signs of weakening. The black dorsal fin heaved above the water, and soon a silver side became visible, languidly beating. Hope and joy came to the angler, herself played out like the fish, followed by a quick pang of despair. She had no gaff. It was impossible to raise that silvery mass to the lowest level of the bank by the line alone, even if her victim were sufficiently inert to permit such an indignity, which she very much doubted.

Suddenly her eye fell upon the figure of a man on the lower rocks. He must have come up unperceived when she was engaged in the death-struggle. He was casting calmly, his head turned slightly away, oblivious of her presence.

"Mr. Stacpoole," she cried impulsively, forgetting her oath; but her further appeal died on her lips. As in a vision she saw herself sweeping from the hall, pledged to eternal silence. Even in her dire extremity she could not renounce her dignity. She tugged again at her line. Her monster moved uneasily; endeavoured to right itself, turned, and again she forgot herself.

"Mr. Stacpoole"—she cried hurriedly—"Mr. Stacpoole—come—come!"

But he showed no signs of hearing; he never stirred save when the almost mechanical action of the rod called for action. Lady Betty's heart froze; never again would she humiliate herself by an appeal. But she was no longer mistress of herself; the great fish had now fairly righted itself; it turned and slowly sailed back to the deeps. Then her pride, stricken to its base, fell crashing. "Mr. Stacpoole—Guy—Guy!" she cried piteously, "I shall lose it—Oh! do, *do* come to me!"

Whether this agonised prayer touched a stony heart, or merely reached a dull ear, are questions which Lady Betty has never been able to solve. Guy always swears it was the first intimation he had that there was any trouble. The sole fact that stands clear is, that in a moment more he was in the water, waist deep, with bared gaff, giving anxious directions as to the steering of the slowly moving and uncertain hulk. And in a brief space the bright steel flashed into the brighter side, and at last "laced with his golden blood" the great salmon lay, beating out his remnant of life on a safe-guarding rock.

"And you got him on that?" said Mr. Stacpoole, regarding Lady Betty's tackle meditatively. "A rotten little Soldier Palmer and two inches of gut! And I've tried everything that it has entered into the minds of Farlow or Hardy to imagine. But, I say, Betty, darling; what a beauty!"

And Lady Betty was so well pleased with her prize that, like Angelina in the ballad, "she forgot to chide."

MY LADY'S TOY.

So soft it is; so dainty white;
Its scent pervades the air;
Where'er she goes 'tis wafted on,
That perfect perfume rare.

So carefully she treasures it,
Nor lets the light of day
E'en fall upon it, lest some man
Might steal her toy away.

And it is such a little thing,
But with what tender care
'Tis raised just to my lady's face
When nobody is there!

In winter time, when furs are worn,
She brings from out her muff
That little ball of something white—
My lady's powder puff.

Freda Rodham.

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A KING FROM HIS CRADLE

A Description of the Life, Tastes, Character, and Amusements of King Alphonso XIII. of Spain.

By Jose Mondego.

Photo *Underwood & Underwood.*

A portrait of King Alphonso and his *fiancée*, taken by Señor Campua at the King's special request.

He stands rather above middle height. He is long-limbed, active, wiry, and goes his way with an easy, swinging, confident stride. If you have once seen a portrait of him you can never mistake him in the flesh He is like all his portraits, although they differ largely from each other. There was never a face so given to changing expressions. Contentment, gaiety, impatience, vexation, gravity, excitement, show themselves on those pleasant, plain features with unmistakable frankness the moment the mood takes him. He is a boy (why call him a man? In spite of his twenty years he is utterly boyish, and bids fair always to remain a boy); he is a boy of moods, which he takes no trouble to hide, and which pass as quickly as they come.

I shan't detain you a moment with the life-story of this youngest of European monarchs. You all know how he was born nearly six months after the death of his beloved father, Alphonso XII., and how his mother, most capable, courageous, and sweet of women, watched over his childhood and boyhood with vigilant and exacting care and devotion. She brought him up to be a king according to her ideas of what a king should be. And these ideas were the most rigorous in the world. Herself a Hapsburg princess, she married a Spanish Bourbon prince—Hapsburg and Bourbon—the two Royal Families that still cherish with heart and soul a code of antiquated, unbending, inhuman etiquette, and whose idea of a king is a kind of automaton of frigid and lofty dignity.

An early photograph of His Spanish Majesty.

In all good faith Queen Maria Christina brought her son up according to her lights. She bent all her energies to making him a traditional king; she took everything into consideration—everything, with one exception, and that was a rather important exception: her son Alphonso XIII.

Naturally, as a child, he was compelled to bend to his mother's will in all things. If you had seen him at the age of ten or twelve you would have said that Queen Christina's training was having its desired consequence; the boy showed every sign of becoming a traditional king. A more solemn-looking, melancholy object than young Alphonso appeared in these days is hard to imagine.

But underneath the cold exterior, subterranean fires were smouldering. Spaniards would have laughed you to scorn if

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you had told them ten years ago that the frail-looking, etiquette-ridden child was to become the most accessible, free-and-easy, democratic, and, with one exception, popular monarch in Europe. In a few years the boy was to break through all Court conventions with a thoroughness no prince has ever compassed before, and not only to win the frantic love of his people, but to convince his mother that her education had been altogether a mistake, and to reconcile her to his conduct.

A few years ago King Alphonso was walking along a deserted street in Madrid when a man suddenly jumped out on him, drew a dagger from his breast, and made as though to stab him. Instead of attempting to run, or shouting for help, the King stood stock-still and looked quietly at his assailant. The man lowered his dagger, muttered: "You are too young," and passed on. It was, without doubt, his cool-headed courage that saved King Alphonso's life on this occasion.

And I think it must have been this courage that helped to win him such a complete victory in his combat with the traditional Court etiquette of Spain. To-day his private life is his own; he does as he likes. Unescorted he strolls about the streets of Madrid, Barcelona, or wherever he may be staying; he speaks to whom he chooses; he consorts with whom he chooses. As regards matters of policy, he is still very much a figure-head. Queen Christina, wisely, no doubt, still keeps a firm hand on the wheel and steers the ship of State. But in time King Alphonso will have his own way in his public as well as his private life.

Photo *C. Chusseau-Flavien*

Royalty and the Press: King Alphonso greets a party of journalists.

Photo *Underwood & Underwood.*

The King is a splendid horseman, as this picture demonstrates.

Photo *C. Chusseau-Flaviens.*

King Alphonso walking in the streets of San Sebastian.

Indeed, his choice of a wife may be called a public action, and certainly when he offered himself and his throne to Princess Ena, he consulted no one but himself, and his own inclinations. At first Queen Christina and her advisers were anything but pleased at the young man's choice. Not only did they consider the Princess' religion an insuperable obstacle to the marriage—a Battenberg, in their opinion, was scarcely the equal of a Bourbon. It is an open secret that mother and

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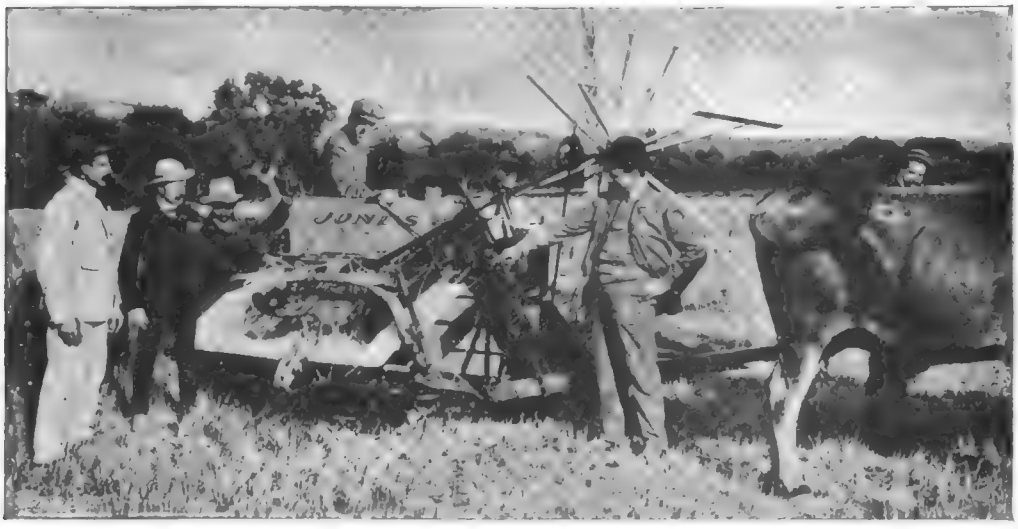
son came as near as they have ever come to a serious rupture when King Alphonso declared his intentions. But with the headlong ardour which characterises all his actions, the hope of Spain carried everything before him, all obstacles were surmounted, all objections were smoothed over, and to-day, from Queen Christina to his humblest subject, there is no man or woman in Spain who does not heartily rejoice at the approaching marriage of the young King. Alphonso XIII., as I have said, is still a boy;

Photo *Underwood & Underwood.*

King Alphonso in his car. Seated immediately behind him is Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria. King Alphonso is fond of driving at sixty miles an hour. On one occasion, when turning a corner, his car ran into a ditch. The car in which the Minister of Public Instruction was following did likewise. Alphonso dislocated his wrist and the Minister had a cut head.

and, boylike, he is as yet concerned and interested chiefly with the pleasures of life. Being essentially healthy-minded, his pleasures are all more or less innocent; but he goes for them, so to speak, with such impetuous zest, that the world would deeply regret, but scarcely express amazement, if the boy King were one of these fine days carried home to his palace with a broken head.

It was just before he left Madrid on his tour in quest of a bride, that Alphonso made one or two notable additions to the



The King is greatly interested in agriculture. In the Royal Park of the Parda he insisted on working the above reaper; not understanding it, he caught his foot in the mechanism, and, had not someone stopped the machinery, would have been badly hurt.

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rather extraordinary collection of "souvenirs" with which he has spent the greater part of the past year in adorning one of his apartments in the Royal Palace.

The existence of this unique collection has, I think, been mentioned before, but up to now no catalogue of its various items has ever been furnished. They consist entirely of non-descript mementoes of the frequent occasions on which Alphonso XIII. has seen fit to endanger his royal existence, and it is now the supreme desire of the Spanish people to keep the number of these relics from getting much larger.

Perhaps Alphonso would be a little less reckless in his pleasures if he were allowed to do a little more actual ruling. But the Queen-Mother, conservative and reactionary by training and instinct, probably fears that the King's inexperience might lead him to follow too liberal a policy of State. Anyhow, as I have said, whenever possible, she keeps him from taking a hand in the nation's business. So he has a good deal of spare time at his disposal, and, all things considered, it is not surprising that he has been the hero of some startling escapades, and incidentally set up the interesting private museum already referred to. Most of the stories of Alphonso XIII. here related were kept out of the newspapers, and I have the details of them from a highly-placed official on

During a quail shoot on the Marquis de Vadillo's estate the Boy King nearly slew a servant, whom, in his excitement, he failed to notice.

King Alphonso recently went on a risky mountaineering expedition in the Picos de Europa. The results were twenty-three chamois and a bad cold.

Photo *C. Chusseau-Flaviens.*

The King awaiting his turn at a pigeon-shooting contest.

duty in the Royal Palace at Madrid.

Here is a thoroughly characteristic one. Quite recently, while at San Sebastian, King Alphonso sallied forth, on foot, from his Villa Miramar, in order to inaugurate an exhibition of painting and sculptures.

Crossing with his retinue the principal street of the town, he happened to pass by a coffee house, before which there was piled a number of chairs and tables, made of metal. It suddenly occurred to the King to leap over this heap of furniture, which was pretty high, eight or ten of the pieces being placed one upon the other. Alphonso XIII. made a running jump and passed over the whole lot, excepting the topmost table, which fortunately fell to the ground, otherwise his Majesty might have broken his neck, or a leg. Probably moved by a feeling of gratitude towards this table, the King bought it, and had it sent home to

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The King is extremely fond of pigeon-shooting. Here he is killing a bird under difficulties.

enrich his collection of "souvenirs." It is almost superfluous to speak of King Alphonso's hair-raising excursions in his motor-car, so much having already been told about them. But it may be remarked that in continuing his furious "runs," the King has disregarded the supplications of both his mother and the members of his Government. Proceeding on one occasion from San Sebastian to Bilbao in his motor-car, Alphonso XIII. traveled at a speed of nearly sixty miles an hour.

The motor-car in which the Minister of Public Instruction, Senor Mallado, followed, had necessarily to go at the same velocity in order to keep up with His Majesty. At a certain turning in the road, both motor-cars ran off the highway and fell into a ditch, where, striking against some trees, they were shattered. The Minister came off with a cut on the head, and his secretary was hurt in the legs, whilst the King had his right wrist dislocated. On that occasion the young King's collection of souvenirs was augmented by a small strap which the Sovereign had to wear on his injured wrist for some weeks.

Not long after, the King was careering wildly in his motor-car on the outskirts of San Sebastian when he accidentally ran down and killed a donkey. The woman who owned the donkey naturally asked for an indemnification. King Alphonso drew out his purse, and offered her £5, but the owner, who had recognised the King, refused the money, saying: "Excuse me, your Majesty, but I think that a donkey killed by a king is worth much more than that."

Photos Underwood & Underwood.

King Alphonso receiving congratulations on his victory in the Championship of the Grand Handicap of the *Tir aux Pigeons* at the Madrid Gun Club.

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"Very well, take two hundred pesetas more (about £4)," he replied smilingly, "but, at any rate, let me have something from this poor animal to remind me that there are such expensive donkeys in my kingdom."

Uttering these words, he pulled out a knife, and cut off one of the donkey's ears, and after putting this trophy into his pocket he continued his journey with more velocity than ever—probably in order to add the ear to his collection as soon as possible.

The young monarch, however, is not satisfied with the perils of motoring. He seeks for others wherever he can meet with them. During last summer King Alphonso invited to lunch with him at the Royal villa of La Granja (near Segovia) about fifty or sixty aristocratic motorists, friends of his. After lunch, the King showed his guests the magnificent gardens of the villa, and after walking with them through the splendid poplar avenues, full of statues and artistic fountains, he had the fancy to climb up a high monument.

He reached the top safely and stood among the sculptured figures, but when he wanted to descend he found it a difficult matter, so that some of his guests had to come to his relief and haul him down like a parcel of goods, so as to prevent him from injuring his august limbs, or from adding his own figure for an indefinite period to the marble group.

Photo "*Nuevo Mundo.*"

The King of Spain rides to hounds with the German Emperor

Photo *Underwood & Underwood.*

A typical escapade. The King, having climbed up this statue in the gardens of his villa at La Granja, was unable to descend, and had to be assisted by his guests. This photo was published in the *Nuevo Mundo*, but it caused so much talk that the plate was destroyed by His Majesty's command.

Luckily I have been enabled to publish with this article a photograph which appeared in the Madrid review, *Nuevo Mundo*. It shows the King being assisted off the monument. This photograph gave rise to so many commentaries that, by order of His Majesty himself, the proprietors of *Nuevo Mundo* had to destroy the plate from which the picture was made. One may add, however, that when King Alphonso was lowered from his elevated position he tore his trousers, and that those identical nether garments now form a part of his collection of souvenirs.

One of the best traits in King Alphonso's character is the keen and intelligent interest he betrays in all the concerns of his people, and in all their industries. A few years ago, when he made a progress along the north of Spain, he visited all the mines on the way, descended the darkest and most dangerous

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subterranean passages, personally examined all the machinery, and talked to the miners just as though he were one of themselves.

He has, moreover, a passion for agriculture, and has repeatedly declared that he desires to be the first agriculturist in Spain. This brought him, on one occasion, to the Royal Park of the Parda in order to try for himself a new reaping-machine which had been sent to him from a firm in Barcelona. But when he found himself on the top of the machine he became so enthusiastic with the excellent results obtained by his agricultural experiments that, not understanding the mechanism of the apparatus, he allowed one of his feet to be caught by a wheel. If the persons present had not instantaneously managed to stop the movement of the machinery, His Majesty would have had his foot completely crushed.

King Alphonso, who is a first-class shot and very fond of shooting, was invited by the ex-Conservative Minister, Marquis de Vadillo, to shoot quail on a property of his called "Vega de Cidones," in the province of Soria. The King accepted the invitation, and a little while after the shooting had commenced saw some quails rise. Forgetting to assure himself that nobody was standing within range of his fire, he let off his gun, the charge of which actually grazed the head of a servant of the Marquis de Vadillo. The servant had been half hidden amongst some plants. From that shooting party Alphonso XIII. brought home, as a remembrance destined for his collection, the branch of a tree in which his charge eventually had lodged.

Last September, following his extreme liking for the chase, King Alphonso determined to take a party of friends on a particularly hazardous hunting expedition to the Picos de Europa. These constitute the highest part of the range of mountains of Cantabria, and have a maximum height of 2678 mètres above the level of the sea. They rise on the borders of Asturias and Santander, and mark the boundary of the great coal region of the first of these two provinces. It is a region of very high and sharp peaks and deep abysses, and from the beginning of August it is thickly covered with snow.

The King's excursion to the Picos de Europa lasted three days. His Majesty started in his motor-car from Potes, which lies at the south-east of the Picos, and proceeded as far as Camaleno, where he left his car and got on horseback. Riding between precipices and on rocky roads, King Alphonso went the distance of seventeen miles in little more than two hours, exciting the admiration of the mountaineers by his rapid progress. Only half-a-dozen horsemen could manage to keep up with him. The rest, numbering more than fifty, arrived much later.

The Royal caravan stopped at a place called La Lloroya, where an encampment had been made. There were thirty tents, and a grand pavilion, splendidly decorated and furnished, for the King. From that point, the latter, accompanied by his friends, sallied forth daily at sunrise to hunt the chamois. In all, twenty-three of these animals were killed, but they did not come cheap. For, altogether, the hunting excursion cost His Majesty over £6000. From that daring expedition His Majesty is not known to have brought home any other souvenirs for his collection than the twenty-three pieces of game—and a terrible cold, which it took him a long time to get over.

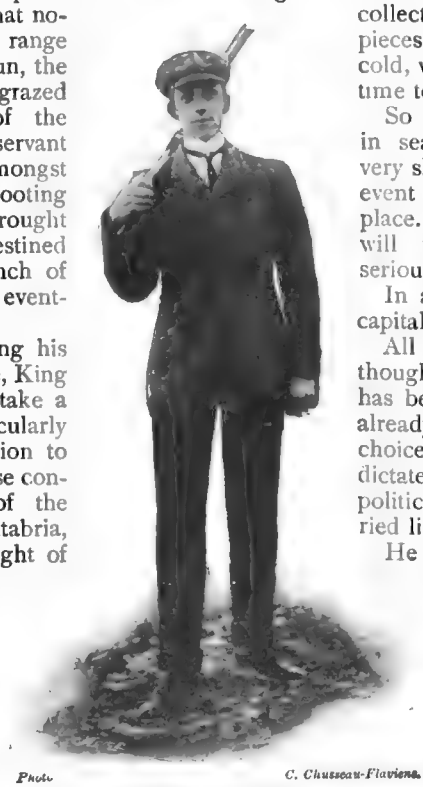

Photo C. Chusseau-Flaviens.

Alphonso—sportsman.

So much for King Alphonso in search of enjoyment. In a very short while the most serious event in his life, as yet, will take place. Perhaps as a husband he will take life a little more seriously than he does at present.

In any case he will make a capital husband.

All the world knows what a thoughtful, enthusiastic lover he has been, and since, as I have already said, King Alphonso's choice of a wife was entirely dictated by his heart, and not by political considerations, his married life ought to be very happy.

He is devoted to the beautiful girl who will be Queen of Spain. He is chivalrous, kind-hearted, and affectionate. It is said that the life of the average Queen is dull. But Princess Ena need never dread dulness as the Consort of King Alphonso!

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The Story of a Night of Agony.

By Edwin L. Sabin.

Mr. Turpy for the twentieth time turned in the bed, and uttered a peevish, irritated exclamation.

"What's the matter, dear?" came the gentle voice of his wife from her own bed.

There! In spite of his painful precautions, he had awakened her after all. He might as well have yielded to the demands of Nature and sought the relief of more plaintive groans.

"Oh, nothing!" he mumbled. "You go to sleep."

"Is it the tooth?" she inquired anxiously. "Does it hurt much?"

"No, no," he grunted. The question annoyed him. *Hurt?* Of course it hurt! If she had it about one minute, she'd see. "Go to sleep!"

"Poor dear," murmured his wife compassionately through the darkness.

For a few minutes silence reigned. It seemed to Mr. Turpy that his wife must have dropped off to sleep, and he resumed his alleviative measures — such as they were. He turned upon his back, and pressed his cheek hard against his arm.

For a time Mr. Turpy lay passive, rather curiously listening, as it were, to the heart-beats repeated in the tooth, and analysing the sensation. He was secure in his belief that the thing could not keep him awake, and he accepted its endeavours with a half smile. He would go to sleep. Let it ache.

He turned upon his right side and closed his eyes. "Ache, ache, ache, ache, ache," proceeded the tooth steadily. He turned upon the other side. Ah, that was better! But no. "Ache, ache, ache, ache, ache," resumed the tooth. He turned upon his back. There! He would sleep. "Ache, ache, ache, ache, ache," persisted the tooth.

Whew!

What was that? It seemed to him that a minute, thin wire must be lying, stretched taut, deep along the base of the teeth in his left lower jaw, and that it had unexpectedly been twanged, like the high string of a fairy harp.

The "twang" died away. Great Scott! Was that thing going to happen again? He hoped not. It was decidedly unpleasant. He could endure the steady ache, but he did not fancy those unpleasant surprises—those innovations.

He waited, watchful. Perhaps it was an accident. "Ache, ache, ache, ache, ache," bustled the tooth, settling down to work in earnest. Ouch! The thin, elfin wire twanged again. Was it going to keep that up? What the dickens was the matter with it?

"Twang! Twang!"

A double shock this time! Mr. Turpy now lay with eyes wide open, listening to the ache, and bracing himself for the "twang." The clock in the sitting-room struck twelve. Morning was still far away.

"Ache, ache, ache, ache, ache, ache," and then, unheralded by any premonitory symptom, "twang!" It never failed to make Mr. Turpy jump. He tried various postures—all the postures practicable within the limits of his bed. None appeased the tooth. Mr. Turpy even caught himself apologising to it for having doubted its power, and suggesting to it to forego the "twang," and compromise on just an ordinary ache.

But it was no use.

Mr. Turpy propped himself, half-sitting, against the head of the brass bed, thus to mount guard, as it were, over his agonies. His wife, having spoken to him, spake no further, but remained silent, probably sleeping. He was alone there in the darkness with his tooth.

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Mr. Turpy propped himself . . . against the head of the brass bed.

As if on a sympathetic strike, his cheek and the whole of both jaws on that side ached also. "Twang!" went the diabolical little wire. Galloping toothache? This was a regular motor toothache, making record time.

Mr. Turpy dozed. The motor fantasy developed, and he thought himself actually in a car. It did not seem to run exactly like other cars of his experience, but there he was, dashing down a crowded street, utterly unable to control the thing. Right and left he hurled the people, and wherever they landed they bounced like indiarubber.

He was astonished, but it was a relief not to see them all killed. He was exceeding the speed limit; he vainly essayed to close the throttle—to apply the brakes—to do anything that might reduce his wild swoop. Arms and legs were paralysed. And now, as might be expected, the police were after him. From cross-street and alley they rushed out at him. They were armed with revolvers for his special benefit. Policemen with revolvers! And they let fly at him too!

But he skilfully dodged their bullets, which he could see coming. Then, while he was ducking from the leaden pellets, he pushed his face—too late he saw it—right into one. It slowly and irresistibly bored him through the left cheek. Horrors! It had smashed the teeth! He must seek the dentist at once! The motor turned of its own accord and rushed him towards a dentist's. The rush of cold air through the hole in his cheek made his injured teeth ache terribly, and at every blast of the horn (which tooted of itself) a sharp pang darted through the nerves of the jaw.

Mr. Turpy woke up. He found himself in a perspiration. His jaw was paining him frightfully. With fear he felt for his cheek. No hole was there. He was thankful for that, at least.

He wondered how early a dentist would be able to see him. By eight o'clock? 'Twas to be hoped so. Mr. Turpy prayed for eight o'clock to come. That tooth *must* and should be extracted.

Mr. Turpy dozed. It seemed to him that he had arisen, and, like a little boy again, had tied a string to his tooth and to the door-knob. Then he had deliberated over slamming the door. It took more courage than he possessed at the moment. But his wife joined him (or was it his grandmother?—the form appeared hazy), and despite his intreaties, piteous as they were, insisted upon slamming the door. Goodness! Alas! only part of the tooth had come away. In his jaw was left a tremendously tender, ragged stump! Phew, how it hurt! And at a frightful twinge Mr. Turpy woke up.

He timidly investigated the state of his tooth. The tooth was all there, and acting, apparently, on the principle of the more the merrier. The clock struck two. The dentist, and peace after pain, were still six hours away! Mr. Turpy groaned and slightly changed his position.

"Ache, ache, ache, ache, ache, ache, ache —twang!" Regular and unceasing. That is, the programme was regular, the twang most irregular, interrupting whenever it could be particularly effective.

However, Mr. Turpy dozed. This time he was at the dentist's. He had got up in the morning, and had discovered that it was already eight. He must hurry or the dentist might not be disengaged. So he did not stay to eat breakfast, but rushed out, caught a tram, and found to his embarrassment that he was clad only in his pyjamas. He shrank into a corner, and miserably hoped that no one would notice his peculiar costume. He feared that he was shamed for ever. At the building where the dentist's establishment was,

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he left the tram, and whisking in, entered the lift, where he cowered and blushed beneath the gaze of its other occupants.

The dentist was in—in, and oiling an imposing array of forceps. He politely ignored his patient's rather *outré* attire, and, seating him in the chair, proceeded to work. Explaining that a molar, such as this, was extremely hard to extract, he inserted between Mr. Turpy's reluctant jaws a large, common monkey-wrench, and ruthlessly adjusted it.

The cold wrench clamped tighter and tighter upon Mr. Turpy's teeth, aching and sound—and they crushed right in! The pain was exquisite in its diabolical refinement. A sickening despair permeated Mr. Turpy's being.

The dentist released the tool.

"We'll have to dig for the roots," he said pleasantly.

Stiff with horror, Mr. Turpy saw him turn away, only to face the chair again clad in a carpenter's apron stuck full of chisels and auger-bits.

"Steady, now," cautioned the dentist, poising a chisel.

In vain Mr. Turpy strove to evade the blade, to cry out, to protest. He was ice-bound, dumb. The chisel pushed roughly into his mouth—when, with a mighty effort, he dashed aside the dentist's hand, sprang from the infernal chair—and woke up!

The clock struck three. Would morning never come?

* * * *

Haggard, feeling somewhat seedy, Mr. Turpy arose and hurriedly dressed. With supreme satisfaction had he unclosed his eyes to behold that the morn had arrived. The clock struck six; two hours more, and the confounded tooth would be treated to a surprise-party.

"Dear, did your tooth ache *all* night?" cooed Mrs. Turpy, hearing him astir.

"Pretty much," he mumbled.

It was aching now, although not so badly. The light seemed to be dissipating the pain. However, that tooth should not be allowed to beg off. No! Its day had come!

"Poor dear!" cooed Mrs Turpy. "You must go and see the dentist."

"I'm going," declared Mr. Turpy, "the first thing after breakfast. I'm going to have it extracted."

"Oh, *dearie!*" expostulated Mrs. Turpy, aghast. "Don't have it extracted. It can be stopped; the nerve can be killed, if necessary, or something."

"I shall insist upon having it extracted," announced her husband, stubborn and annoyed. "I've stood it long enough. If he won't extract it, I'll go to a dentist who will."

"W—well," murmured Mrs. Turpy, yet unconvinced.

With pitying eyes she watched her husband delicately mumbling his mouthfuls of breakfast.

"Does it still hurt so?" she asked, as, having finished his breakfast, he kissed her good-bye.

"N — no, it doesn't," he responded thoughtfully. "Seems to be a great deal better."

"Perhaps it's finished aching, and won't trouble you any more?" she suggested joyfully.

"Makes no difference; I shan't risk it," he replied. "When next you see me I'll be minus a tooth."

With pitying eyes she watched her husband delicately mumbling his mouthfuls of breakfast.

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"Darling!" she murmured, in admiration of his manly fortitude.

Riding down in the tram, Mr. Turpy suddenly noted that the tooth was not aching a particle. That was strange. He analysed his feelings as centred in it, but could discover no token of its latent rebellion. Tooth and jaw were entirely quiescent. Humph! Mr. Turpy was sensible of a traitorous greening, so to speak, of the bough of hope. Perhaps—but no! To the dentist was he bound, and out the tooth was coming. His mind was made up.

He wondered if it would be hard to pull. Very likely. Molars, he had heard, were difficult of extraction. A dentist had informed him once that his teeth were unusually firm-set. He recalled his dream and shuddered. It would be frightful if the tooth should break under the forceps. Humph!

Perhaps the tooth *had* finished hurting. Very likely he had caught a slight cold in it. It certainly seemed completely well now. He couldn't make it hurt even by grinding with it against the upper teeth. That was a pretty good sign, wasn't it?

He descended from the tram, and mechanically entered the building where the dentist lived. He would let the dentist look at the tooth, anyhow; if a cold had settled in it, possibly something could be applied to the gum. If the dentist were not there yet, all the better; he would let the matter rest until afternoon, and see if the tooth woke up again.

The lift disgorged Mr. Turpy on the fourth floor. The dentist's room was only a few steps down the corridor. The door was open. Mr. Turpy walked past, glancing in. The dentist was there. He was carefully examining some instrument—a pair of forceps! Mr. Turpy proceeded to the far end of the corridor and paused.

Supposing, having got him helpless in the chair, the dentist *should* decide that the tooth must be extracted, and, cold-blooded, should proceed to go about it!

Might he not be premature in his action? Might it not be better to postpone seeing him and give the tooth another chance to behave itself?

* * *

That evening Mr. Turpy's wife met him at the door, and gazed upon him wistfully as he removed his hat and coat.

"Did it hurt much?" she asked, patting his hand. She led him to the window. "Let's see," she said.

"Oh," said Mr. Turpy bluffly, "I didn't have it pulled after all! You see, the dentist was busy, and —so I thought I wouldn't wait!

"You see, last night wasn't so *very* dreadful after all. There was a *little* discomfort, but I *did* sleep, really, and I'm feeling perfectly well now.

"In fact, after I came away, I felt it was most fortunate the dentist was busy. I consider I was not justified in spending money having a sound tooth extracted."

Mrs. Turpy said nothing. She felt that the occasion would not be improved by words. But she smiled very sweetly at her husband.

The door was open. Mr. Turpy walked past, glancing in.

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A PAINTER OF CHILDREN.

The Adventures of a Lady Artist who Makes Portraits of Small People.

By Lenore Van der Veer.

The chief charm of childhood is the unstudied naturalness of action and speech. The moment one tries to make a child appear stiff and conventional, all that bubbling effervescence of babyhood's joy in mere existence disappears altogether.

In days gone by the pictures of little folks tried to show them as miniature grown-ups, sitting very prim and upright on drawing-room chairs. They reminded one of wooden images of children rather than live flesh and blood.

Times have changed, however, and nowadays the little people are given credit for having personalities well worth an artist's careful study. Instead of their being made to sit still and look pleasant for the "painter man," they are sketched at their play and favourite pastimes, quite unhampered by special frocks and unaccustomed attitudes.

The credit for this delightful order of things is mostly due to Miss Hilda Fairbairn, an English girl-artist, whose ideas on the painting of little folks are most refreshingly original and pleasing.

She believes in making the most of children's individuality when painting them. If a girl is something of a tomboy and spends her happiest hours in romping out of doors, she paints her in her rough-and-tumble frock, racing on the beach, or bowling at cricket, or at whatever she happens to like best—an infinitely better way than to drag her into the house and dress her in special finery for the occasion.

Miss Fairbairn's experiences as a painter

By permission of The Artist.

A Portrait.

of children are most novel and entertaining. She loves best to visit them in their own homes, and to paint them playing about the gardens in their natural environment. It is often several days before the actual studies on paper are begun, for she must first get well acquainted with the little folks, and find out their pet hobbies and mannerisms, before she sets to work.

If they have some special plaything (and what child has not?) like an old doll, legless, most likely, or a battered gee-gee, which time and affliction have made doubly dear, the artist loves to work it into the picture. In this way she often finds her surest path to the affection and confidence of the little folks themselves.

One little girl, however, had a very strong dislike to being painted at all, and would always persist in turning her back and playing with her face towards the garden wall.

No amount of persuasion by means of sweets and fairy-tales would make her turn round for

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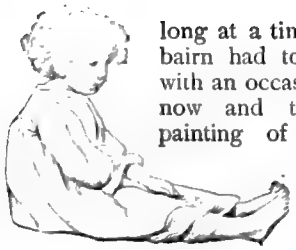

long at a time, so Miss Fairbairn had to content herself with an occasional "moment" now and then during the painting of this particular portrait.

A little boy of four went to the other extreme, and would not play during the time for his sittings. He insisted on being "dood like Mummie," and sitting quietly through the ordeal of being painted. Sometimes, however, the tears would come to his eyes, and then roll down his cheeks, out of sheer unhappiness at keeping quiet so long.

Most of the little folks take kindly to being painted at the first sitting. It's a novelty, and children love novelties. But the novelty wears off, and then the artist has to do the best she can under trying circumstances.

A little Norfolk girl whom Miss Fairbairn painted in bare feet, with a shrimping-net over her shoulder, was a perfect little tomboy, and loved to be taken for a boy instead of a girl. She romped over the fields all day long, and

By permission of **The Little Shrimper.** *The Artist.*

The portrait of a Norfolk girl. She was a perfect little tomboy, and liked to be taken for a boy instead of a girl.

would climb trees to rob hawks' nests or scamper along the beach in search of crabs and shells.

This lively bit of humanity was certainly most interesting to paint, though not what one could call a good model. For, just as the artist would get to work on one part of the beach, away Miss Tomboy would race in search of fresh adventures to some other place. However, it would have been quite absurd to paint her indoors in a fresh frock, and boots. So Miss Fairbairn did the best she could.

A little fellow of two-and-a-half years used always to get into a temper when Miss Fairbairn came into the nursery to paint him, and would throw toys at her when she looked at him. At night, on going to bed, he was made to shake hands, and when he came to her he used to turn away his head, saying: "Boy don't like the lady; she makes pictures of him."

A little girl of this same age, whom Miss Fairbairn wanted to paint out in the fields, would not stand up. The minute she saw

By permission of **"I'm a lady."** *The Artist.*

This mite was fond of dressing up to imitate her mother, so she was painted in the act of doing so.

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the artist coming down she flopped and rolled over on her face, so the picture had to be made from stolen peeps at the little one, while an afternoon tea cake-stand was dressed in her frock and placed in the meadow among the daisies, from which the picture had to be worked up!

Catching a child unawares and watching its natural playfulness is a great factor in the making of spontaneous portraits. Miss Fairbairn loves to do this, and often spends days in watching her tiny models before she paints them in just the fetching little mannerisms she feels are the most pleasing and original for her study.

She once painted the portrait of a small child standing on tiptoe peeping into a water-butt in the backyard, and another of a little girl of two looking through a croquet hoop.

Both these pictures were suggested to her through watching the little folks at play, and made the most delightfully quaint and appropriate portraits imaginable.

One little sitter was devoted to guinea-pigs, and, of course, had to be painted in the barn, holding one in his arms. Another had a weakness for fishing, and so the artist had no difficulty in keeping him quiet, for she set up her easel along the river bank and painted him as a barefoot Philosopher of the Line, waiting patiently for the wily trout.

A little country boy who spent his days in trying to tame field rabbits made a very interesting study out in the fields, feeding a plump and saucy-looking family of five bunnies, his old overalls and battered hat adding fine notes of colour and naturalness to the portrait.

House-building occupied the attention of a sturdy little man of five, who always declared that when he was grown up he would be a bricklayer. He was generally to be seen, hatless and sun-browned, wheeling loads of stones and oddments of old bricks and mortar in a small barrow. When it came to making a portrait of him, the artist showed him in his old blue jeans, pushing his battered wheelbarrow in the sunlight.

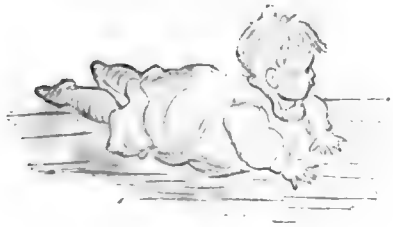
By permission of The Artist.

"Love the Pedlar."

The artist's youngest "sitter" was a baby of seven months, whose favourite attitude was that of sprawling on the floor with one leg in the air and arms well spread out. This was, of course, the way the artist managed to paint him.

Little folks never look more kissable than when leaning on one's knees and looking shyly up at one. Miss Fairbairn has painted several delightful portraits of children like this.

One little model, who sat for an imaginative subject, was brought every morning by her sister, who was not much older than herself. The first day the little one cried all the time, in spite of various kinds of toys and sweets being given her. At last the artist gave up trying, and sent her home, to be brought back the next morning by her mother, who explained in the most matter-of-fact tone that the child cried because there was a needle in its face, which had



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By permission of "Orphans." *The Artist.*

worked its way in from the old shawl pinned round it!

When painting a picture of a child at a sweetshop window in the country, the artist had to have another little girl inside the shop to tap on the window, and go through all sorts of motions and grimaces in order to attract the attention of the child outside, who always grew too engrossed in the sweets given her to look up at the jars in the window as the artist wanted her to do.

Two little models whom Miss Fairbairn once painted as "Babes in the Wood" were the most devoted little sweethearts, always wandering about hand in hand, and perfectly quiet and content so long as they were together. But if she wanted one to pose without the other, there was no doing anything with them. One day, when painting the boy, her back was turned for a minute, and out of the door flew the unhappy Romeo and raced down the road in search of his absent Juliet. Nor did he come back until he had found her, when in they walked, breathless, but radiant with happiness.

A pert little model in the country would always deck herself out in whatever studio finery she could lay her hands on, the more gaudy the better, and would parade up and down holding up her skirts, twirling an old sunshade over her head and calling out "I'm a lady," in the most impish way, until one day the artist set to and painted her just as she was.

Dollies and gollywogs have played a most important *rôle* in the portrait studies of the little girls painted by Miss Fairbairn, the older and more disabled ones in particular, for new and distinguished-looking treasures never fit in half so well as those that have grown dear through long association, and misfortunes. A little Dutch girl who sat to her, brought along her oldest and best-loved dolly, and, as it happened, the little girl herself looked for all the world like a Dutch doll, with her plump cheeks and round, blue eyes. So the picture was really most amusing in the likeness of the little maiden and her treasure.

One portrait done of a small girl of three, in which her favourite rag doll was most conspicuous, had to be postponed one morning owing to the illness of the poor dear dolly, "who," the little mother declared tragically, "had dot the troup (croup) in the night." Nothing would persuade her to have the doll out of bed that day, nor would the child herself sit for the picture, as she had to "tend" to the little patient.

The giving of pictorial interest to a portrait adds wonderfully to the possibilities of children's studies, and often awakens such an interest in them that they try to help the artist by keeping a pose for a short time.

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By permission of "I have a little shadow." The Artist.

A charming family group of four small folks playing at afternoon tea so interested the children that they did their best to make the picture successful. One small boy in particular who was noted for his mischievous behaviour, even managed to tone himself down into a most model host for the occasion.

Little girls love best to be painted while playing with their dolls, holding them in their arms, singing them to sleep, or sitting beside their tiny beds as they remember their mothers doing when they were babies themselves.

Out of dozens of portraits of little girls painted by Miss Fairbairn, the greater number of sitters have chosen to be done with their dollies.

Boys like animals better, and nearly always want to be painted with a puppy, or kitten, or some other household pet. One little fellow once begged to be done at the Zoo in front of the cage of his favourite chimpanzee!

Another little chap thought portrait painting great fun if it could be done with him galloping over the moor on his pony; while the most exacting youngster of all insisted on playing leap-frog with three of his pals, and refused to sit unless they, too, were painted in!

To make a child believe it is helping in the work acts fairly successfully for a time, and similarly the painting of a pet will often make the study of the child quite easy. The

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artist has only to keep telling the little one that the playfellow must be kept very still and good, when, of course, the child forgets all about itself in its anxiety over the pet, and chatters away in delightful fashion to its restless playfellow, forming a picture both natural and unconstrained.

Down on the beach in the summer time, where the children play in the sand and wade knee-deep in the sea, Miss Fairbairn often finds her most original studies. One little "sea dog" who paddled all day long in a tub, and another small boy whose one delight was in riding a most absurd-looking donkey up and down the hot sands, made the very jolliest portraits.

Bowling merrily along in a goat-cart may prove the very best of good sport for the children, but the painting of such a conveyance when doing portraits of the little folks is not quite ideal for the artist, but once Miss Fairbairn had to do such a conveyance. The children were delighted at the idea, but Master Billy Goat showed the strongest disapproval for the ceremony of posing, and butted the canvas and easel sky-high on several occasions.

Playing see-saw under the trees, or swinging on the garden gate in the wildest of animal spirits, seemed to be the chief occupations of a rough-and-tumble little girl, whose picture was ordered to be painted by Miss Fairbairn in a great, high-backed, Elizabethan chair in the family drawing-room.

By permission of *The Artist.*

"The Boy and the Rat."

Of course the little sitter kicked and screamed at the new order of existence, and ran away so persistently to climb the trees out of reach of the artist and her hated pencil. Finally it was decided that she was to be given her own way, and allowed to scramble at will over the family estate, with Miss Fairbairn in as close pursuit as the gods allowed.

One day, when telling stories to keep a restless youngster still, the artist's thoughts went a wool-gathering, which so disgusted the small boy that he popped down from the model-throne and ran up to her, calling out: "Hallo, there, I'm not a girl to listen to cry-baby trash like that!"

Another time she told this same boy that she would bring him a box of tin soldiers the next day if he would be good for ten minutes longer. After trying hard for less than five he gave it up, and began to jump about like one possessed, saying that he would rather break his savings bank and buy his own soldiers than be so good.

Miss Fairbairn finds the study of her little sitters' moods and peculiarities not the least fascinating part of her work. Without a doubt they prevent monotony!

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AN ADVERTISEMENT BABY

A Story of Feminine Vanity.

By Ethel L. White.

Sylvia Reed longed for a vocation, and accordingly selected hospital work. She was drawn to this particular branch of usefulness by a genuine desire to alleviate pain, and the potent attraction of the uniform.

If her pretty blue eyes noted her picturesque reflection in the mirror with complacency, the girl's satisfaction was tempered with an absolving leaven of high-born resolutions. These she cradled in hope, and as she unfortunately failed to add perseverance, it sang the usual lullaby to her aspirations.

Sylvia missed her star, but gained an earthly paradise.

When the pretty probationer was flirting round with her duster, she was incidentally slipping into the good graces of one of the medical staff of the hospital. So she finally left the hospital before her time of probation was over, and vanished in a cloud of rice into private life.

Never did a matrimonial venture start more brilliantly.

Jayne saw only sunshine in Sylvia's volatile nature, and basked in its rays, unconscious of gathering storms.

One fine day, about three months after their marriage, he descended to the breakfast-room in a particularly amiable mood.

The room was flooded with sunshine, and Sylvia looked daintily pretty in her fresh white dress. The canary sang in the window, and a pot of snowdrops on the table suggested Spring. Sylvia broke off one to fasten in her husband's buttonhole before she attended to his wants.

Jayne studied the charming face, half of which was hidden from his gaze by a tea-cosy possessed of an alarming sense of propriety. There was a pleased air of excitement lurking in her smile, and a sparkle in the pretty eyes.

Every man knows the symptoms. She was enthralled in the joys of a secret.

Jayne's grave features relaxed as he noted her evident enjoyment.

"Now, I wonder," he observed indulgently, "what is the reason of this sudden excitement?"

"Excitement! What treason! I'm not a bit excited."

Jayne laughed.

"Is it an idea for a sweet dress, or a dream of a hat? Or, stay—have you heard of a new cook?"

"No, dear, don't be silly. I didn't mean to tell you, but I suppose I must, just to stop your nonsense. I was thinking how nice it is to see one's name in print."

Jayne roared outright.

"Why, it's never been trying to write?"

"Yes, it has, and," defiantly, "it has *succeeded!*"

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"Oh," she went on, enjoying her husband's amazement, "it was not a scrap difficult either—only took about three minutes, and—oh, you poor dear, you do look astonished. Here it is!"

His astonishment increased as he took the page she showed him. It was an advertisement for some patent soap. In black letters above was printed:

A Doctor's Wife Writes:—"I have much pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your soap.

"Signed. "Sylvia Jayne,
"Harley Street, London."

Jayne stiffened with displeasure, but Sylvia did not notice it as she prattled on dreamily:

"Of course, it's only a little thing, but it gives me such a funny sort of pleasure. When I look through the *Sketch* and all those papers, I just long to have my photo in, and know everyone is looking at it. But, of course," she added wistfully, "there's no chance of that."

No answer came to destroy her reverie, and she continued in ungrammatical eloquence:

"But this is something the same. Just fancy, perhaps I shall see people in 'buses and trains reading this, and they will never think that the person who wrote it is sitting by them. And doesn't it look nice—'A doctor's wife writes'?"

"Sylvia!"

"Why, Leslie!"

"*Never* let me hear any nonsense of this kind again. It shows a senseless vanity and a lack of stability that I am ashamed to see in you. I had no idea you were so petty!"

Sylvia looked up. "It's not my character that's at fault. It's you. You don't understand me."

She ran out of the room, and banged the door.

All the morning Sylvia indulged in the luxury of playing the misunderstood. After lunch she sallied forth to see a friend, a rich spinster, with a comfortable love for humanity, only excluding the animal man.

"My dear," she said solemnly, "I see a sad significance in this morning's episode. When a man fails to understand the hidden springs of your nature it shows something is missing. It's men, my dear, who make creation miserable, nothing else. Why, even the martyrs at the stake did not suffer a bit once the nerve tissues were destroyed. It is always such a blessed comfort to me to remember that."

Sylvia walked home in a rebellious frame of mind, but was surprised to find that Leslie, though graver than usual at dinner, made no allusion to the morning.

"He did not mean what he said," was her final deduction.

She was passing through a phase of disease which attacks most women of her temperament, and as she had no means of an outlet, it was a dangerous malady. Had she been rich or influential her society functions would have graced the columns of the fashionable papers, or she would cheerfully have been torn to pieces on the staircase at a fashionable crush for the pleasure of seeing her name next morning in print.

After the first outburst the course of events flowed on as smoothly as before. The only difference was that each had discovered at least one clay toe in the feet of their idol. Jayne deplored a tendency to vanity on his wife's part, and she sadly felt Leslie's temper was defective. Sylvia's final conclusion was that her husband did not like to be *told* of her small recreations, which were otherwise legitimate, so she broke out from time to time in elegantly-worded testimonials, from which she derived a seraphic happiness worthy of a better cause.

These she carefully concealed from Leslie, so there was no renewal of the scene until a month later.

Breakfast was again the fateful meal. Jayne was reading a newspaper article which wrestled with the theory as to whether matrimony was an economy.

"It depends on the wives we choose, my dear," he said approvingly. "Everyone may not be so fortunate as I."

Sylvia coloured with pleasure. "And you don't even know how very economical I am. Why I get some things for *nothing!*"

"My dear, the bills come in regularly."

"But I tell you it's a fact. That tin of oatmeal—you are eating some at present—is a sample tin."

"But I understood samples were rather diminutive."

Discretion had a brief but desperate struggle with Sylvia's thirst for appreciation. Then, unhappily, it was overthrown. The girl lowered her voice.

"If," she asserted, "you want to get a big tin, you just write an advertisement—Oh, Leslie, what's the matter?"

Jayne suddenly rose from the table, and strode into the kitchen, followed in trembling apprehension by the culprit, who vaguely wondered if he contemplated suicide, or

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intended ordering a fresh consignment of porridge.

"Mary," he said, addressing the awe-struck domestic, "bring that packet of patent oatmeal."

He received it from the girl's fingers with a tragic mien, stepped to the kitchen range, and flung it on the fire. Without a word he left the kitchen, feeling pleased at the way in which he had disposed of the matter. Actions, he argued, spoke louder than words.

"Well," gasped Mary, "what a wicked waste!"

But Sylvia flew upstairs in a perfect passion of tears. "Only too late I've discovered it," she sobbed, "tied to a man with a temper. But I won't be bullied, or give in. I'll continue to assert my individuality."

He saw on a hoarding . . . a huge poster of a pretty woman. . . . It was Sylvia, his Sylvia!

An acute observer might have noticed an unusually hard look about Sylvia's mouth after that episode. But not one would have guessed that the corroding word written in her heart, of which the look was the outward and visible sign, was—OATMEAL.

Leslie Jayne's friends described him as the essence of refinement, while his enemies stigmatised him as "mean." As a matter of fact, he had a marvelous sense of the fitness of things, with a microscopic eye for details. His mental retina was at present occupied with the letters "M.D." after his name, and a visionary doctor's brougham. Anything that came between him and these cherished objects disconcerted him greatly. It was with a shock of positive horror that a few mornings afterwards he saw on a hoarding in Charing Cross Road a huge poster of a pretty woman, whose rippling curls hanging down to her waist were due, according to the wording underneath, to a world-famed hair-restorer, No need of the name to tell the original! It was Sylvia, his Sylvia! During the rounds at the hospital, one of his colleagues mentioned the poster, which had caught his eye.

"I wanted to ask you," he began, "is that your wife?"

But Jayne had already gone. He reached home that night in a white heat of rage. His wife was sitting by the drawing-room fire, book in hand. She raised her eyes, and they looked at each other, defiance meeting with anger.

Jayne glanced round the pretty apartment, which was destined to be the scene of another sordid strife between outraged sensibilities and domestic relations. Their

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wedding presents strewn around them, mute witnesses of the day when their married life began, failed to draw them from the fray, while a few streets away the wretched poster flapped in the wind, the inadequate cause of another matrimonial shipwreck.

Jayne went up to the fire, and kicked a piece of coal.

"I've seen that poster," he said icily.

"Most people have by now," was the triumphant reply.

"Have you lost all sense of decency?"

"Have you lost all pride in your wife's appearance?"

"Don't be absurd! That's not the point."

"But it is. You don't care about me now. You don't admire my hair. *Once* you said it was the prettiest hair in London; now everybody admires it but you."

"Apparently everyone will have a chance of admiring it now," groaned Jayne.

"You haven't a scrap of pride in me. Mr. Adrian Rose, the artist, said he would love to paint me; he admires me, and *he's* an artist."

"Don't be hysterical."

"It's a comfort to think *someone* appreciates you, if your husband does not," and Sylvia subsided into tears, while Jayne hastily went out, banging the door.

Tears and bangings were the keynote of the next few days; but about the fourth morning Sylvia appeared with a bright face. She was cheerfully ready to eat her own words. Her hilarity positively grated on Jayne, who was suffering from a bad attack of toothache.

"Leslie," she said bravely, "I've determined never to send another testimonial—never, if it displeases you, though I don't see why it should."

"That's right," was the somewhat grudging reply.

"So no harm's done, dear."

"That poster?"

"Too flattering! No one will recognise it."

The effort which it cost Sylvia to make this assertion was greatly to her credit.

"Have you been sending any more of these beastly things away?" asked Jayne, preparing to issue pardon.

"Only one. But the funny part is, I was writing about a cure for stammering for Aunt Lena, and sending a testimonial for the cough medicine which did you so much good, and I muddled them up, and the testimonial reads: 'You've cured my husband of stammering!' Isn't it funny? Especially as you do stammer a little."

Jayne rose to his feet. "Do you know what you've done?" he demanded. "This time you've made me an object of ridicule. You've degraded the medical profession. And you crown your confession with duplicity; you feign sorrow and repentance. I cannot find a home here, and if I go outside every wind blows these wretched advertisements to me. I'm heartily sorry for the day I met you."

In his eloquence, Jayne had forgotten the primary cause of his displeasure. He only realised that he was a long-suffering individual with a grievance, who was goaded to fury by a disobedient wife. A good measure of his anger melted during the day, but he dreaded the evening interview with the tearful Sylvia. So, accordingly, he sent a telegram to say he would be detained in town that night.

It put the finishing stroke to the girl's misery. Her husband's hasty words had filtered through a nature already riddled with emotions. She had intended to put everything right, and banish the clouds that had settled on the household, but had only received the knowledge that she was an undesirable superfluity.

She fled in tears to her spinster friend, who gave her good advice—"to go to bed, and sleep on it." Unfortunately, she only followed half, for she wooed sleep in vain. She tossed and turned, and exhausted herself by violent fits of crying. As she had eaten nothing all day, the strain presently reacted on the overwrought brain. She was sure her husband hated her, and wished he had never seen her. She felt these words whirring through her brain, till she was conscious of nothing else.

At six next morning, a miserable, white-faced girl crept down the steps into the fog without. She made no plans, and had but one fixed resolution, namely, that she must leave her husband.

At the door, as she paused for breath for a moment, a broad form hurried through the gloom, and, with a feeling of gratitude, she recognised the face of Adrian Rose, the artist.

"What! Going off so early?" he inquired.

"Yes, but," looking helplessly at the Bradshaw she carried, "I'm not sure about the trains."

"Ah! You've had bad news, I'm afraid?"

"Yes," was the faltering reply.

The two heads bent over the railway

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guide, and Sylvia indiscriminately sorted a name out of the tangle. Any kind of refuge would do.

"Here you are, the 7.45. We had better take a cab. I'm going off by the early train myself."

So a hansom soon rattled away with the two travelers, and Sylvia thanked Fate for the cavalier who had come to her rescue, unwitting of the fact that this incident would prove an effectual barrier against her re-entering her Paradise for many a long day.

When Jayne reached home the next night, he encountered the curious gaze of a frightened-looking maid.

"Missus went away this morning, but I think she left you a message."

Yes, there was the inevitable note, pinned in time-honoured fashion to the cushion, incoherent, scarcely legible: "After your cruel words, I can no longer stay with you. I am leaving you, for ever!"

Jayne laughed uneasily. "Hysteria again. She will be back to-morrow."

Then he rang for the housemaid.

"Did your mistress take any luggage?" he inquired.

"No, sir; I didn't know she was going. She didn't have even a cup of tea. I'm sure I was surprised when I saw her outside talking to Mr. Rose."

Jayne's face grew white, but he made no sign, and the servant warmed to her tale.

"There they were, sir, looking out trains in a Bradshaw, and they went off in a cab together."

Then Jayne shut the erring Sylvia from his heart.

In a week's time she had repented, and she wrote a letter of apology, begging forgiveness. Her husband tore it up unopened. A second letter shared a similar fate, and when the prodigal wife hurriedly returned to town, she found the house shut up.

All they could tell her was that the doctor had taken abroad a globe-trotting patient, and left no address.

Thrown on her own resources, and deserted by her husband, Sylvia hardly knew what to do. Her pride prevented her from appealing to her relatives, but she had a friend to whom she turned—the rich spinster. She gathered the poor girl into her fold, like a brand snatched from the burning, until the time when Sylvia was again able to take up her part in life's struggle.

When Jayne returned to England, after a year's absence, he was astonished to find that no one seemed to be conscious of his domestic troubles, and it was popularly supposed that his wife was still abroad. He also heard casually that Rose had married a pretty American two days after Sylvia had left him. Ostrich-like, he had thought to escape his trouble by burying himself; but now, in the face of the doubts which persisted in rising, he wished he had not so hastily destroyed all communication. For appearance' sake, it would be as well to investigate the story. His cautiously-worded advertisements failed to discover his missing wife. Sylvia had completely effaced herself.

One cold, grey morning Jayne wended his way Citywards. London was wrapped in a cold, grey fog, and the chill bit into his bones, and made his face blue. At the Marble Arch he took the Twopenny Tube, and as they rumbled swiftly on, he glanced at a girl opposite.

She was reading a popular magazine, and as she turned over the paper cover, the inner leaf was exposed to his view. A flood of bitter memories swept over his mind; then suddenly — from the tangled shadows of the past—he awoke to consciousness.

His own name was staring him in the face!

Jayne strained his eyes incredulously.

It was the picture of a baby, clad in its own birthday suit from Nature, and underneath was printed: "LESLIE JAYNE, aged fifteen months, brought up on —— Food since the age of three months." Above was the inscription. How proud Sylvia had been of the phrase, "A Doctor's Wife writes"!

Anyone glancing at the man sitting motionless, staring out at the curved walls that sloped in front, would never have guessed at the storm of chaotic feelings that raged behind the rigid face.

It was atrocious! Hateful! The woman was past all shame! To break out again—to defy all decent feelings of reticence, to expose her son—his son—to the gaze of every Tom, Dick, and Harry—and without a rag to cover him. His fingers itched to tear the paper from the unconscious reader's hands. When she looked up inadvertently, and saw a strange man glaring at her, the poor girl was quite alarmed.

At last the Bank was reached. Jayne could hardly wait until the lift transported him to the higher regions again. Oblivious of his business, he rushed to the nearest news-agent's, where he feverishly turned over the papers. His search was unavailing—no similar advertisement could he find.

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The boy's sarcasm began at last to penetrate his consciousness, and, as he groped, he was hardly aware of the changes, which turned his anger to impatience, which in turn melted again into anxiety.

"Like the whole shop, sir? *Nothing* to pay!" quoth the youth, but Jayne took no notice. With a cry of triumph he swooped upon a number, and hurriedly throwing down half-a-crown, he departed, leaving change and reputation behind.

Once outside, he hailed a cab; he felt he dared not trust himself to look at the thing while curious faces surrounded him.

At St. Paul's Churchyard he got out, and, obeying an impulse, walked up the steps into the Cathedral. With the exception of a few scattered groups, the great building was empty. The pillared heights, the light filtering through the stained-glass windows, and the solemn quiet took the last shreds of fever out of the man's mind. He opened the page calmly.

Yes, it was a baby of which anyone might be proud. What a bonny little fellow it was, with its rounded limbs and laughing mouth, showing the dear little teeth. Just such a son as he could have wished for, and with his name, too! So she had called him after his father!

As he again scanned the tiny features, a strong sense of familiarity quickened the doctor's recollection. Where had he seen this portrait before?

Memory showed him an old, faded photograph of another baby, which was cherished by a mother with tender eyes. A deep feeling of shame swamped his thoughts, as he realised how he had slipped, through countless acts of pettiness, from his childhood's throne of innocency.

The grave eyes of the other baby looked at him in reproachful wonder. Only *this* one, his son, had curly hair, a golden halo of curls, such as he had never possessed. For the first time in many months, a feeling of tenderness crept into Jayne's heart, as he thought of Sylvia's golden tresses, of which he had been so proud.

The baby looked as if he had come straight from the Garden of Eden. The thought struck Jayne that if, like another Eve, Sylvia had clothed the child only in its halo of curls, she had no Adam to work for her. He had never bought a single garment for that wee atom. Then came the question—where was she living? What was she doing? He remembered the unopened letters, with anguish. Might there not have been some grave mistake? He had refused all explanations, but now, how to find her?

Suddenly, with a gasp of relief, he peered again at the page. Yes, there was the address, in little black letters, in the corner. Oh, the blessed advertisement paragraph!

The black type swam before his eyes, and then blurred into a white mist. Mechanically, he took out his note-book—a somewhat superfluous act considering the address was branded into his brain. As his eye traveled over the list of engagements, he gave a start. In half-an-hour he had an appointment with one of the greatest authorities in the medical world—an appointment that he had deemed himself both proud and happy to obtain.

Jayne frowned. Sylvia was always getting in between him and his profession, ever since the days when, as a pretty probationer, she had wooed his thoughts from fractures and temperatures. And now she was exerting the same baleful influence through his boy!

He stopped from force of habit to calculate. It would make but little difference whether he sought out his missing wife now or a couple of hours later. He looked again at the portrait, and then, as though illuminated by a flash of lightning, the wasted years stood sharply before him. For the first time a glimmering suspicion asserted itself that he might have offered other sacrifices up to his profession than time and labour. Was not Sylvia included in the category?

Suddenly, little baby fingers seemed to pass over the cherished appointment, wiping it out, and though Leslie knew it not, some of the old, selfish nature died at that moment. A few minutes later Leslie was in the train, speeding out towards Sydenham, chafing at every stop. He had a nightmare feeling of oppression as he walked along the dreary suburban roads. At length he stopped before a small, semi-detached villa. The door was open, and an untidy servant wrangled with a tardy errand-boy. Pushing aside the astonished pair, he burst into the small sitting-room. Kneeling on the rug was Sylvia. The golden hair, her pride, hung in tangled curls over her black dress; the firelight kissed it into a copper glory, and she was laughing as the fingers of a beloved little tyrant pulled down the tresses. At the sound of footsteps, she looked up hurriedly, clasping the baby to her heart.

He saw her face, sweeter than of yore, with the lines of care and resolution marring the empty prettiness of feature.

Suddenly Sylvia raised her eyes and saw her husband looking at her in the old, fond

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manner. Instantly the past three years were wiped out. With outstretched hands and the red staining her face, she ran towards him.

"How did you find me?" she cried.

A cloud suddenly blotted out the sunshine on Jayne's face.

"By this," he said grimly, throwing the paper on the table.

Their hands never met. The moment had passed and the wretched advertisement still lay between them.

Sylvia started back. With a hunted movement she seized the boy and strained him to her.

"You want baby," she cried. "You have come to take him away from me. You never shall—there!"

It was the old Sylvia breathing defiance, and Jayne's heart hardened. From the shelter of his mother's arms the baby looked at the intruder with the ineffable *hauteur* which is the exclusive property of infants under the age of two.

Kneeling on the rug was Sylvia.

Jayne cleared his throat. "Listen!" he said. "When you left me I had, perforce, to come to certain monstrous conclusions. It was not my fault"—the old Jayne struggled hard to assert himself—"you thrust it upon me. Now, I was wrong. I await your explanation, and if—as I believe—it will be satisfactory, my home is waiting for you and—baby. There is only one obstacle." He paused, and both looked at the piece of paper. He struck it violently. "This! This wrecked our lives for three years. I see, in spite of all you have gone through, the old craving for cheap notoriety remains. Now, where will it end?"

"It has ended!"

Sylvia drew herself up, her eyes shining.

"Leslie, have I ever lied to you?"

"Never!" he admitted.

"Then listen. When I left you I saw everything in its true light. It *was* vanity—all vanity! And I was sorry. I *never* wrote another advertisement. But"—she strove to hide her tears—"things grew so bad lately. I was penniless, so I remembered and wrote this. They sent me £5 for it. But I've written my LAST advertisement. I swear it—my very last!"

Then suddenly Jayne snatched up the paper and threw it on the fire.

And, a minute later, they had forgotten all their troubles in one long embrace.

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BISHOP.

A Detailed Account, written by a Clergyman, of the Innumerable Matters with which a Bishop has to Deal in the Course of a Day.

By THE REV. VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.

I REMEMBER well my first interview of any importance with a Bishop. It was just before my ordination as deacon, and after I had been examined by the Bishop's Chaplain. The Bishop himself was the late Dr. Stubbs, of Oxford. I had had some correspondence with him, but I had never seen him face to face until he came into the examination-room. We were to write a sermon that afternoon.

The Bishop looked round on us with those keen, penetrating eyes of his, gave out a text, and then said: "There. You are to write a sermon on that text, or," he added with his dry humour, "what you may be pleased to think will pass muster for a sermon with my Chaplain."

A few days later the interview took place. I was a little dreading being alone with his Lordship, but he soon put me at my ease. A word or two about my papers, the bluff announcement: "You've got to read the Gospel," and then, to my astonishment, I found this man, who I had been told was inclined to be snappy when he was not humorous, talking to me with all the kindness that one expects from a "Father in God," and giving me paternal advice which I have never forgotten.

Suddenly he said abruptly, with a good-humoured smile:

"I suppose you think it's a very fine thing being a Bishop, don't you?"

I replied that I didn't know.

"Well," he said, leaning back in his chair, "I'll tell you what I've done this week."

And he proceeded to give me a programme of work ranging from letter writing to a debate in the House of Lords.

"So you see," he concluded, as he brought the interview to an end, "it isn't all fun being a Bishop."

I forget now the exact list of his week's work. I know it was very varied, and what struck me at the moment was the singularly short time he must have had to himself, and the enormous amount of rushing about the country that was entailed in his duties.

To describe a day in a Bishop's life is no easy task. The Prelate's days are so different, his work is so enormously varied. "One day telleth another" is the last phrase that could be applied to his life. Let us, however, attempt to gather some idea of the tasks that fall to his share as he rises to face the day.

We will not intrude too deeply into the beginning of that day, but be sure we should find it spent in prayer and meditation. A Bishop said to me not long ago: "People seem often to forget that a Bishop has to pray much, and, indeed, he often has not time to pray so much as he would wish."

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," says the poet, and a Bishop, with his heavy tasks and wide responsibilities, has much to pray for—for himself and for others.

If he be at home in his palace he will very

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probably attend an early service in the Cathedral, or in his private chapel. It may be that the spare half hour he has between his devotions and breakfast will be absolutely the only time that day in which to prepare for a sermon that he has promised to deliver that evening the other side of his diocese.

His next task will be to deal with the morning's post bag, and when one reads that the Bishop of London's letters often reach a total of a thousand a week, one grasps some sort of an idea of the work of answering them.

The Bishop whose day we are following doubtless has a secretary, who is probably his chaplain as well, but a great deal of that correspondence is of far too important and delicate a nature to hand over to a secretary, and much of it will require personal and private replies.

Let us look at some of these letters, as the Bishop sits at his table, tearing them open and reading them rapidly. In the first place there is a whole batch requesting him to preach, speak, or preside over meetings. A vicar is going to open a new aisle in his church. His first thought is: "We *must* have the Bishop." Another is having a bazaar, and he thinks it all important that his Lordship should open it. A third is getting up a big temperance, or missionary, or education meeting in his town parish. "Of course we'll try to get the Bishop in the chair," he tells his friends, "he always draws!"

The Bishop consults his engagement-book. These things are duties, and he will fit in as many of them as possible. He finds engagements of these kinds booked up months ahead, and he is often compelled to tell his secretary to write refusals.

He opens a letter of a very different description and reads it thoughtfully. It is from one of his clergy who is in trouble, some pressing parochial problem has arisen that calls for advice and much diplomacy; his Lordship lays it carefully aside, for it requires thought. His subsequent answer—written very likely that night—will perhaps be the means of averting some grave scandal.

Another letter from one of his clergy, a fussy one this time, and he sighs, perhaps, as he reads a long rigmarole about some trivial question, concerning which the man ought to have been ashamed to bother him. Our Bishop, we will suppose, tells his secretary to write a courteous reply, but there have been occasions when curtness or sardonic episcopal humour has been evinced in answer to trifling questions.

The picture in *Punch*, in which a vicar reads at his breakfast table a postcard in the handwriting of his Bishop's daughter: "In reply to your question, pa says you mustn't," is said to be founded on fact, while the late Bishop of Oxford is famous for at least two humorous retorts.

In answer to a letter requesting an opinion as to whether some curtains should be put up in a certain church, he replied: "Hang your curtains!" while, to another cleric, who, among other things, asked him if he were going to bring his pastoral staff at an ensuing Confirmation, he is said to have put at the bottom of his letter: "P.S.—I shall not bring my P. S."

Bishops have big incomes, but there are many calls on them. Our Prelate opens another bundle of letters. A church tower is to be restored. Will his Lordship, etc., etc.? A new mission church is to be erected. Will he——? The same old story. He is expected to head subscription lists as well as meetings, and the totals of these subscriptions make a big hole in his income in the course of a year.

Of course, there are freaks among his correspondents. I have told of my first interview with Bishop Stubbs. Let me give a story of my last interview with him. It was not very long before his death.

"Some people have very queer notions of episcopal functions," he said to me. "I had a letter the other day asking me to bless two hundred tobacco pipes to be sent out to the troops in South Africa! You may publish that, if you like, and say I told you."

And I now publish the story for the first time.

But to return to our particular Bishop and his correspondence. He is disposing of it as quickly as possible, when the secretary enters with some printer's proofs. The diocese has been clamouring just lately for an official utterance from his Lordship on the bewildering question of religious education in elementary schools. The Reverend John Smith thinks that the Bishop ought to say this. The Reverend Thomas Robertson thinks he ought to say that. And the Bishop himself has been conscientiously trying to give voice to his own opinions, and to give voice to them wisely.

In a few days' time, this "Pastoral Letter" he is now correcting in proof will not only be circulated all over his diocese, it—or the substance of it—will be in every reputable

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As soon as the train starts, the Bishop relapses once more into his correspondence.

paper throughout the land. It will be criticised, approved, condemned, by thousands.

Scarcely has he finished, when he is reminded that it is eleven o'clock, and that Mr. Brown is waiting for a promised interview. It is one of those cases continually cropping up in his life where he feels that a written communication is out of the question; some grave matter of parochial difficulty, private trouble, or personal grievance, that demands an interview with the head of the diocese within closed doors, and into which we will not intrude.

Twelve o'clock! On this particular morning he has asked his Archdeacons to come and confer with him on certain matters of diocesan organisation — their forthcoming "Charges," the management of one of the numerous diocesan societies, with all of which he has to keep in close touch—it matters not for the purpose of this article what it is. Sufficient to say that it means *work* and perhaps anxiety.

Remembering that a Bishop should be given to hospitality, he invites them to lunch when the meeting is over, but the meal only lasts half-an-hour, for the Bishop's day's work is but half done.

Parliament is not sitting just now, or maybe his presence would be urgently required at the House of Lords. At half-past one his carriage is announced to drive him to the station. But he is not going to get rid of that correspondence of his. Not a bit of it. The letters that he has not yet had time to read or answer are going with him. In the hall his bag and robe-case are packed, and his pastoral staff is also ready for the journey, unscrewed, in sections, and in its own case.

His chaplain, let us say, is going with him. Off they drive to the station, the Prelate waving adieu to the Archdeacons, who are leaving at the same time. At the station there are five or six minutes to spare before the train comes in. But no peace for the Bishop. One of his numerous clergy has spotted him on the platform, and is steering straight in his direction. It is his opportunity of getting the Prelate's opinion on some subject, and the man in the apron cheerfully submits.

As soon as the train starts, the Bishop relapses once more into his correspondence.

In a large diocese—the one in which my own living is situated embraces three counties —there is an enormous amount of railway traveling to be done. The advent of the episcopal motor-car is becoming a great boon to the much rushed Bishops, and even as I write this article the papers are announcing that one of our Prelates is paying a round of visits to his country parishes in his motor-car. He will be a month doing so, and he hopes to deliver fifty sermons and addresses in that time. With regard to cross country railway journeys and their perplexities, a good story is told of a certain Bishop. He was addressing some school children, and said:

The advent of the episcopal motor-car is becoming a great boon.

"You know, children, I'm a very busy man, and I haven't time to read very much. But there's one book that I have to study nearly every day. It begins with a B. What do you think it is?"

"The Bible!" exclaimed the children.

"Bradshaw!" said the Bishop.

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It is a quarter to three, and the train draws up at a little country station. Months ago that train was carefully noted by the Bishop's secretary, and a Confirmation arranged at three o'clock at a church about a mile from the station. The vicar has sent in a trap, or perhaps he cannot afford to keep one, and has borrowed the Squire's brougham.

It is a great day for his village, for the Confirmation has been arranged not merely for his parishioners, but five or six neighbouring parishes have been duly warned to send their candidates in addition. It is probably three years since the Prelate has been able to pay a visit to this particular parish, and the bells are ringing merrily to welcome him as he drives up to the vicarage a few minutes before the hour of service.

The vicar takes the Bishop into his study, and the latter's chaplain . . . proceeds to help the Prelate to robe.

Everything is quite ready in the church, the candidates are in their places, the choir and those clergy who have brought candidates are robed, and are probably waiting in the vicarage hall, for a little procession is to be arranged for the occasion.

The vicar takes the Bishop into his study, and the latter's chaplain—for we are supposing that he has come as well—unlocks the case and proceeds to help the Prelate to robe.

Still the Bishop's mind is at work. A series of lists of those he is about to confirm is given him by the vicar, and he looks them over carefully, asking a few questions, noting what the vicar says about one candidate who is lame and will not be able to kneel.

The village church is crammed. The Bishop proceeds with that beautiful service he knows so well, and in the performance of which he probably uses no book. He looks round upon those young people before him—the girls in their white caps—shock-headed youths and boys in their best clothes, a man or two among them. He knows his opportunity. He must be very simple and plain with these people, for most of them will not understand him if he is not. His earnest, quiet address to them is a very different thing from the speech he is going to deliver a few hours later.

The service over, his Lordship is by no means at liberty yet. A clergyman has been appointed to a benefice. He lives not far from the parish where the Bishop is confirming, and the latter has written to him offering to institute him there, instead of giving him the trouble to journey to his palace.

I may mention, by the way, that my own institution to my present living took place in this manner. So the Bishop, still robed, goes into the vicar's study, and signs numerous documents, after which the clergyman in question kneels before him, takes the oath of canonical obedience, receives from his hands the documents that put him in possession of the spiritualities of his new charge, together with the episcopal blessing, and afterwards a few kindly words.

Meanwhile the vicar and his wife are busy receiving guests in their drawing-room for a little social function. The clergy who brought candidates have been asked to tea "to meet the Bishop." The Squire and his wife have been asked "to meet the Bishop;" the two churchwardens, sturdy farmers who are standing together near the door, have likewise been asked "to meet the Bishop."

His Lordship would perhaps infinitely prefer having a quiet cup of tea with the vicar in the study, but this is forbidden him, for he well knows that the next twenty minutes—all the time he can spare—are of diocesan importance as well as what has just passed.

So he comes cheerfully into the room, shakes hands with the churchwardens, compliments them on their church, and possibly

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says a word or two about the lateness of barley planting and the current price of wheat, that serves to put them on a friendly footing with him at once.

The Squire has his turn, too, and the half-dozen clergy manage to get their little interviews. The Bishop contrives to get one of them, perhaps, into a corner of the room, and there, over their tea, some knotty little point is discussed or a word of counsel given. It is all a part of his work—this keeping in touch with clergy and officials, and the twenty minutes are by no means ill-spent.

Two churchwardens, sturdy farmers . . . have likewise been asked "to meet the Bishop."

Very often a Bishop will have two, or even three Confirmations on the same day, at distances of seven or eight miles apart; but on this occasion our particular Bishop has other engagements. He is driven back to the station, and he has another railway journey of an hour or so before him.

Let us hope that by this time he has *read* most of his correspondence, though much remains to be answered. He turns with a sense of relief to his bag, from which he produces a book. Bishops, above all clergy, are supposed to be well "up to date," and they cannot be "up to date" without reading.

It is no light book which he opens—the latest pronouncement on the "Higher Criticism," the biography of some great man, a theological treatise—whatever it may be, the man who reads it does so for his improvement.

It is a well-known fact that the Bishop of London does a great deal of his reading as he drives by night to his various engagements. He is provided with a small electric lamp, which he holds on his lap in his carriage.

The late Bishop Stubbs, of Oxford, was mistaken by some tourists in Rouen Cathedral for the verger. On leaving the edifice, they offered him a tip.

Our Bishop closes his book as his journey draws to an end. The train is steaming into one of the large towns of his diocese, a bustling centre of life far different from the somewhat sleepy cathedral city in which he has his palace.

There is a great meeting here to-night, a meeting that is to deal with one of the burning questions of the day—Temperance Reform or Religious Education—it matters not to us. And the Bishop is to speak. His name has been placarded over the town for a couple of weeks, the clergy have been announcing his advent to their congregations. He is to be the guest of one of the clergy, or, perchance, of some leading layman.

When he arrives at the house, he is shown his room and told that dinner—a function which is to precede the meeting—will be ready in a quarter of an hour.

The layman, with whom we will suppose he is staying, is anxious to do justice to the occasion, and has invited several guests—quite a party, in fact.

Again our Bishop would probably prefer having a quiet meal, but he submits with a good grace, and offers his arm to his hostess to take her in to dinner, where he possibly finds himself sitting opposite to a political bore, who supplies him with much tedious information when he is not asking him leading questions.

After dinner he is driven to the town hall, and there he finds himself confronting a very different audience from the one he addressed in the afternoon. He is introduced by the chairman, and is soon on his legs, a few brief notes in hand, speaking with all those powers of eloquence and that intellectual manner which went far to influence the Prime Minister when he

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advised His Majesty to offer him the See he now occupies.

Another speaker and the usual vote of thanks bring the meeting to a close at a late hour, and the Bishop drives back to the house where he is staying.

But even yet his day's work is not over. Very possibly his chaplain-secretary has been writing answers to letters, and he wants just to look some of them through.

At length he retires to the quiet of his room. But still there is more to be done, and eight or twelve directed envelopes, covering epistles in his own hand-writing—one of them a long answer to the particular letter we noted in the morning—lie on the table as he betakes himself to his devotions before his well-earned sleep.

In the morning he is up betimes, with another busy and varied day before him.

We will not attempt to follow him further. Maybe he takes the first train back to his cathedral city; maybe he journeys to quite another part of his diocese to re-open some church that has been restored recently.

Sunday, when it comes, will bring him no rest. He will probably take an early Celebration in his cathedral, and preach at least twice in different churches. Possibly he may have a Confirmation somewhere on the Sunday afternoon.

My readers will not wonder henceforth when they see a notice in one of the papers to the effect that "the Bishop of —— is going abroad for a month and requests that as few letters as possible will be sent to the palace to be forwarded to him." Letters must be the bane of a modern Bishop's life.

Some friends of mine recently entertained a Bishop from Saturday night till Monday morning. On the Sunday he celebrated in the parish church at 8 a.m., preached at the morning service, and held a very large Confirmation in the afternoon.

"How did you like the Bishop?" I asked my friends afterwards.

"Well," they replied, "the little that we saw of him we liked very much. But, really, we hardly saw him at all. When he wasn't in church he was *writing letters* in his room."

There are many points in the varied work of a Bishop that have not entered into this particular "day." Some of them might be briefly mentioned before this article is closed. There is the work connected with his ordinations. Many Bishops invite the candidates for deacon's or priest's orders to stay in the Palace for a week before the actual ordination, during which time services of preparation are held, and the Bishop gives addresses. A Bishop must also keep in close touch with the rural deans of his diocese. The rural dean is an official, generally a well-tried and experienced parish clergyman, who overlooks a certain number of parishes. Through the Chapter meetings which he holds, the Bishop gets to know much of the opinions of the clergy of his diocese on ecclesiastical questions, and frequently one part of the day's work of the Prelate is to hold a conference of these rural deans.

Once a year, too, he will preside for two or three days over his Diocesan Conference, where both clerical and lay members, elected by the clergy and laity of the diocese, assemble to discuss matters of interest and importance, and it often needs all his tact and diplomacy to control such discussion.

His work in the House of Lords and the Upper House of Convocation, again, demands much of the time of our Bishop. As I pen these words a list of the present Bishop of Oxford's more important engagements for a month lies before me, and I note that ten days of the thirty-one he is sitting on the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the Ritual question of the Church of England—and this in addition to the twenty-one confirmations he is taking in the same month.

It cannot be surprising that there is a strong feeling among many churchmen—including some of the Bishops themselves—that the larger dioceses should be divided and new Sees created, after the example of the new Bishopric of Birmingham. Increasing work is the cry in every See, and there was probably never a time in the history of the Church of England when the clergy, with the Bishops at their head, were working harder than at the present day. The word "Bishop" means "overseer," but in the modern rush of life, the multitude of organisations, the increased population of clergy and laity, it is impossible for any man—however hard and faithfully he may work—to "oversee" completely all that is under his care in a large diocese.

But, even when holiday-making abroad, the Bishop is not always let alone. I began with a reminiscence of the late Bishop Stubbs, of Oxford, and I will conclude with another.

He was once in Rouen Cathedral, when a party of tourists entered, and mistook him for the verger! With perfect gravity he answered their questions, and pointed out some details of interest. Whereupon they offered him a tip. So even a Bishop can increase his income in his spare time—if he ever has any!

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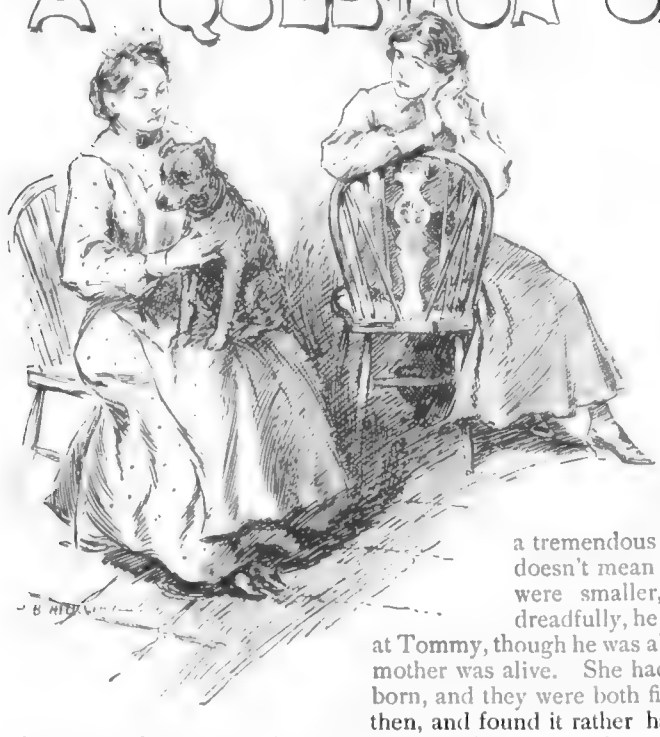
A QUESTION OF VALUE.



The Story of a Dog License.

By Owen Oliver.

I do not know what kind of dog Fido is, and father says he does not think there is a name for it; but he is the sort that make you like them. He always comes and puts his cold little nose in your hand if you do not notice him, and he is so funny when he is angry, because he has such a tremendous growl for so small a dog. He doesn't mean any harm by it. When the boys were smaller, and used to pull him about dreadfully, he never snapped at them; not even at Tommy, though he was always a little jealous of him when mother was alive. She had Fido just before Tommy was born, and they were both five when she died. I was eleven then, and found it rather hard to keep house for father and the boys. Now I am fourteen, so I ought to be able to manage properly; but it is not always easy to know what to do for the best.

It would be easier if we had more money; but clever men who write tales are never rich. Father is Frank Marchant, the great author. If he always sold the stories he writes we should be quite well off; but some editors seem to have a prejudice against them, so he cannot sell them all; and when they buy them they do not pay him as much as they ought to.

Sometimes he does not get any cheques for quite a long time, and then there is a bother about the rates, and the tradesmen's bills mount up. They were the highest they had ever been when the man came for the last time about the tax for Fido. He was not an unpleasant man, and he seemed sorry when I explained about the cheques not coming; but he said they would have to summon father if we didn't pay by next Monday—unless we got rid of the dog. He looked at Fido in a way that made me shudder, and Fido stood with his legs stuck out like slanting posts and barked at him. Sometimes you might almost think that he understood what people say.

I was going to tell father about it, but he was very upset because they were going to cut off the water, and I did not want to worry him any more, because I knew he was ten shillings short of the water money. So I discussed it with Jane instead. She is sensible sometimes, and I felt that I must speak to somebody about it.

She was very indignant with the man for suggesting that we should get rid of Fido.

"It's a good job for him he didn't say it to *me*," she declared. "*I'd* soon have given him a piece of my mind. Get rid of the poor, harmless creature, indeed! There's more feelin' in the dumb annemiles than in some people what has their proper senses, an' might be 'got rid of' theirselves an' no loss to nobody. Not as I don't hold with a parcel of dogs eatin' your head off, let alone taxes, an' always gettin' in your way an' makin' theirselves nuisances, like this here little pest of a Fido."

Fido heard his name, and jumped up in her lap at once, and she began stroking him. She pretends that she doesn't like him, but she does.

"Not as I wouldn't do him no harm," she said—"not me! An' I've got one an' two, if *that's* any good toward it."

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I shook my head. Jane is very generous, but I couldn't borrow from her; and her wages were a fortnight behind already.

"I haven't the rest," I said. "I don't know *what* we can do."

Jane stroked him again, and made him pretend to fight her.

"I wouldn't have a dog myself if you went down on your bended knees to ask me," she said; "but there's some people have a fancy for 'em. Why don't you give him away?"

"Oh, Jane!" I cried. "He was *mother's* dog! We have so few things of mother's left now."

"Yes." Jane looked up at the ceiling as if she didn't want to see me. "I know as he was, Miss Molly. Come to that, your father was your mother's husband; an' if it's a case of him or the dog—— Don't you go for to take on now."

"I—I was only getting an eyelash out of my eye," I explained. "I—she—it—of course, if anyone would take him and be kind to him—— Don't you think Miss Sole might like a dog?"

"Umph!" said Jane. "I don't think, if I was a dog, I'd like Miss Sole; an' there's sense in dumb beastses!"

"I don't think she'd be bad to him," I said, "and, you see, he'd be near here to run in sometimes. Of course, we shouldn't encourage him, but——"

"Ah-h!" said Jane. "You're a deep 'un, Miss Molly, *that* you are! An' she might want to get rid of him after she'd paid the tax, what *I* calls a himpersition! You might try, anyway."

The next morning I called on Miss Sole, and took Fido with me. I coaxed him and tried to keep him quiet, but he was very restless, and ran into her before she had put her spectacles on, and nearly tripped her over. She gave a little jump and squeak and pushed him away with her foot, and turned up her nose at him.

"The horrible creature!" she said. "What kind of a dog do you call him?"

"His name is Fido," I said. "He is a very nice dog, really. We were thinking of giving him away because—because we didn't think we wanted a dog any longer. He's not expensive to keep, but, of course, there's the dog tax, and—and we didn't know if you would like him!"

"I!" she cried. "That!" She sniffed and looked at him in a scornful sort of way. I think it was the way that they call depreciatory in books—like the way that you look at a fern when the man asks sixpence and you are going to offer him twopence. "He is what they call a mongrel, isn't he?"

"Oh, *no!*" I said. "He is a—a good mixed breed. He is an excellent dog of the kind, and you've no idea what a lot of things he can do. He can beg, and carry a stick, and fetch father's slippers; and he always barks at beggars, and he won't let a cat come near the garden, and——"

"Oh-h!" Miss Sole threw up her hands and screamed. I had forgotten that she kept a cat. "Oh-h-h! the brute! Take him away! Take him away! My poor Tom!"

I tried to explain that Fido would be sure to like her Tom when they knew one another, but she wouldn't listen to me, and insisted that I must remove him at once. I believe she thought I had brought him to murder her nasty cat.

We met the cat in the garden—a horrid black thing. Fido ran after him with his tail up and his mouth open, and chased him up a tree, and stood underneath it barking like anything. Miss Sole screamed and threw a dustpan and brush at poor Fido, and drove him over the fence. I tried to make her understand that it was only his play, but she shrieked at me and almost pushed me out of the gate. Fido was "a dangerous brute," she declared, and a terror to the neighbourhood, and ought to be destroyed, and she should write to the Inspector of Nuisances about him. She picked up the dustpan and threw it at him again, but she missed him and hit a sweep who was passing instead, and he said things to her. While they were quarreling I picked up Fido under my arm and ran away.

I had to go to several shops, and I asked all the shop people if they wanted a dog, but none of them did. The butcher said that dogs were very plentiful about licensing time. The milkman said that his boy would get rid of him for twopence if I wanted to save the tax. The chemist offered to dispose of him painlessly for sixpence—or a shilling if he buried him afterwards. The grocer suggested that I might pawn him, and made motions with his finger to the pawnshop.

I thought it would be rather a good plan to pawn Fido, because we could get him out again after they had paid the tax. So I waited till nobody was looking and carried him down the alley where people go in. It was a funny place, like a big box with a little counter, and an old man with an apron on and no coat came and looked over it, as if he wasn't looking at me. His eyes were

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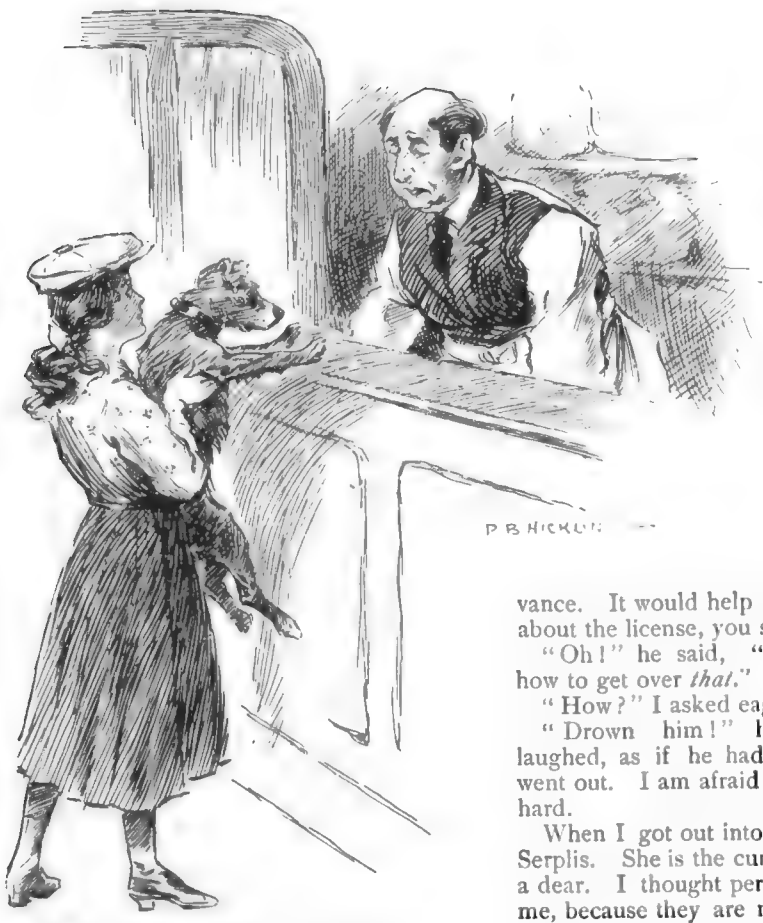

His eyes were half shut, but he seemed to wake up when I told him that I wanted to pawn Fido.

half shut, but he seemed to wake up when I told him that I wanted to pawn Fido.

"Are you trying to make a fool of me?" he snapped, "or has someone been making a fool of you?"

"I—I don't know," I said. "Do you mean you don't take dogs?"

He looked at me for some time. Then he seemed to go to sleep again.

"Not in a general way," he said, "but to oblige *you*—his keep would be eighteenpence a week, five weeks in advance."

I calculated it out, and found that would come to seven-and-six.

"How much do you lend on them?" I asked.

He made a funny noise, as if he were laughing in his throat.

"On a good dog like *that*," he said, "I'd stretch a point. Let's say—threepence!"

"Oh-h!" I cried. "But—but I might as well pay the tax at once!"

"Tax?" he said. "Ah-h, I see! You don't want to pay the license? That's it, eh?"

"Yes," I said. "At least, we shouldn't mind paying if we had the money; but father's an author, you see, and just at the moment—— Of course, we shall get some cheques soon, and then we'd —unpawn him—if you could take him in without any advance. It would help us out of the difficulty about the license, you see."

"Oh!" he said, "I can soon tell you how to get over *that*."

"How?" I asked eagerly.

"Drown him!" he said. Then he laughed, as if he had made a joke, and I went out. I am afraid I shut the door rather hard.

When I got out into the street I met Mrs. Serplis. She is the curate's wife, and she is a dear. I thought perhaps she could advise me, because they are not well off, and she is used to it.

"Oh, Mrs. Serplis!" I cried, "when you want to get rid of something and nobody wants it, what do you do?"

She laughed with her finger to her cheek and her head on one side. She looks very pretty like that.

"Give it to the church bazaar!" she said.

"Oh!" I said, "I never thought of that. That's what I'll do with Fido."

"Fido?" She looked rather doubtful. "I don't know that he is *quite* what they usually take for bazaars. But you might try when the time comes. It's nine weeks from next Monday."

"Nine weeks! I can't wait till then. The tax has got to be paid on Monday. If it isn't they're going to summon father, unless we get rid of him—Fido, I mean. He was mother's dog, and—and——"

Mrs. Serplis took hold of my arm quickly.

"You poor child," she said—"you *poor* child. I wish to goodness I could lend it to

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you; but we're so dreadfully behind ourselves. Augustus says he doesn't know which way to turn." She sighed, but smiled again directly, like she always does. "I suppose you couldn't sell him? No-o. I'm afraid he isn't valuable enough for anyone to buy—or even steal!"

"No-o," I agreed. "I'm afraid he isn't, and there aren't any here, are there? Dog-stealers, I mean?"

Mrs. Serplis glanced round to see that nobody was near enough to hear her.

"Augustus rather suspects that old Birch," she whispered. "I don't want to take away anyone's character, of course, and you can't believe all you hear; but they *do* say that, whenever a dog is lost and a reward is offered, it is Birch who finds it. You know the man I mean? A huge, rough-looking old fellow, who lives down Martin's Court? He generally has three or four dogs with him. Well, I must be going. I've got to write out all the circulars for the Mothers' Meeting. Come round to tea this afternoon, dear, won't you? Oh, but you must! Baby has cut a fresh tooth, and begins to talk quite plainly—at least, he says 'mum, mum.' Good-bye, dear—*dear* girl! I *wish* I could pay it for you; but wishes aren't much help, are they?"

"Oh, yes!" I said. "They help one to—to bear things. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Serplis."

It would be worth being poor, I think, to be as sweet as she is.

When I left her I went straight to Martin's Court. They are very rough people, and they stared at me. Old Birch was standing at his door in his shirt sleeves, and he stared at me, too. Fido stopped to look at one of his dogs, and I caught hold of him quickly, as if I was afraid of losing him.

"Come along, Fido," I said, and pretended to be pulling him away. "I have to be very careful of him," I remarked to Mr. Birch, "because he is very—because we value him."

"Ah!" said Mr. Birch. "Do you, now, missie? There ain't no accountin' for tastes."

He patted Fido, and Fido licked his hand. So I knew that, if he *should* take him, he would be good to him. Dogs can always tell.

"He is a dog that anyone would like," I said. "He is so affectionate and so clever. You have no idea how sensible he is."

Mr. Birch nodded several times.

"The less breed the more sense," he told me. "That's always the way with 'em. I've got a prize bull that's worth ten quid—every 'a'penny of it—an' a perfick fool! An' I've got a mongrel that can a'most talk, an' nobody wouldn't give 'alf-a-crown for 'im. Laugh at me for payin' the license, they do, wot I've got to pay on Monday, an' say I'd better drown 'im. As if a chap 'ud get rid of a brute wot trusted 'im for a matter of seven and six!"

"No-o," I agreed, "unless—if you hadn't got the money." I looked at Fido and sighed. "I suppose you don't know anybody who wants *another* dog, Mr. Birch? A *clever* dog, like Fido?"

He took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared at me and then at Fido.

He patted Fido, and Fido licked his hand.

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"No," he said, "not exac'ly. You're the daughter of the writing gent, ain't you, wot lives in Fernleigh Road?"

"Yes," I said, "the fifth house—the one with the alder in the front garden. He—he plays there all day. We—we let him run in and out, and he really is a *very* clever little dog. *Some* people would think him valuable."

Mr. Birch had another look at Fido.

"The value of a dog is—just what you value 'im at," he said. "Good-morning, missie!"

"Good-morning!" I said. "Come along, Fido."

He gave Mr. Birch's hand another lick and trotted after me. I saw Mr. Birch watching him as we went round the corner, and I thought he must be making up his mind that he was worth stealing after all.

I shut Fido out in the front garden after dinner, and shut myself up in the back bedroom. I got tired of crying, so I lay down and went to sleep. When I woke up I went to the front bedroom and peeped through the curtains. I didn't see Fido anywhere, so I opened the window and leant right out and looked. He was gone! I thought that Mr. Birch had taken him and I should never hear him scratching at my door again, and felt *awful!*

When I went down to tea, however, I nearly fell over him at the bottom of the stairs. He must have gone through someone else's garden and got in the back way. I hugged and hugged him till Jane was quite rude about it, and said she didn't see the use of ironing white blouses to be messed by nursing a great, dirty dog.

The next day was Saturday, and father thought there might be a cheque from the *Household Friend*. I watched for every post, but none came—only three big lots of returned MSS. I let Fido run out in the front all day, but he always ran in again. Father came home early. He was very cheerful, because he had just made up the money for the water rate. He laughed at me for making a fuss over Fido. It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him about the license; but I knew he hadn't the money, so I thought I wouldn't spoil his afternoon. He has such a lot to worry him.

I did not go out on Sunday morning, because I cannot trust Jane with the dinner. She dries up the meat, and then it does not last so long. But I took Fido out in the afternoon. I met Mr. Birch on the common, where I thought I should. He touched his cap to me and stroked Fido.

"He's a good little sort," he remarked. "You take care of him and see that no one entices him away."

He winked several times, and I did not know if he meant that he was going to steal him or wasn't; but I was afraid that he meant that he wouldn't, out of kindness to me. I have always found people kinder to me than you would expect.

"I almost wish that someone would," I told him. "I—you see, there's the tax to pay to-morrow, and father has such a lot of calls."

"Ah!" he said. "Ah! Has he now? I suppose this 'ere story-writin' is a credit bus'ness, ain't it, miss?"

"Yes," I said; "and taxes aren't! That's the worst of them. I don't suppose anyone *will* entice him away, because they don't know what a good dog he is. Good afternoon, Mr. Birch!"

"Good afternoon, missie!" He touched his cap again, and went on. I saw him look round at Fido again, but he shook his head, so that I knew he had made up his mind not to take him.

I thought about the license all through the evening service, and couldn't sing properly because there was a lump in my throat. I suppose I looked worried, because father whispered during the sermon to ask if I wasn't well. Mrs. Serplis knew what it was, and squeezed my arm when we passed in the porch.

I tried to make up my mind to tell father about it, but couldn't. He had grown quite thin through worry about money, and his hair was getting just a little grey, and I didn't want to make it worse for him. When I went to bed I prayed about it, to know the right thing to do, and when I woke up in the morning I knew. I must have him killed—my poor, poor Fido!—and save father from being summoned, and never let him know. I told Jane when father had gone to town and the boys to school, and she cried right out loud.

"The poor, dumb angel!" she cried; "and if ever there was one on earth it's you. Oh, Miss Molly! Miss Molly!"

Jane is foolish to think so much of me; but it shows that she is kind.

We made up our minds that he should have everything that he likes best first. Jane bought him twopennyworth of cats' meat out of her own money, and I made him a basin of bread and milk, very sweet. Then I took him round to the milkman's to ask him to let his boy do it. But when I got

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into the shop I couldn't say it, and asked for two penny eggs instead. When they gave them to me I turned and ran all the way home. Fido ran beside me, and barked and jumped up and licked my hand. I ran right indoors and threw myself on the sofa and *screamed*. Jane called it hysterics, and Fido jumped on the sofa beside me and whined, and that made me scream all the more.

I had a dreadful headache when I left off, and Jane said I must keep still and try to sleep. I was just dozing when she brought in a letter. It was from Mrs. Serplis, and there was the money for the tax in it, and this is what she said:

DEAREST MOLLY,

I have been thinking about you all the time, and I *must* send you this. We can manage, and you can pay me some time when the cheques come. God bless you and reward you as you deserve, dear girl.

Your very affectionate friend,
MARGARET SERPLIS.

P.S.—Baby has *another* tooth. You must come round this afternoon and see it.

I hope that God will bless and reward Mrs. Serplis.

I went to the dog-man's office at once, and offered him the money; but, to my astonishment, he didn't take it.

"How many dogs have you, Miss Marchant?" he asked.

"Only one," I told him. "He's called Fido, you know, and he's got long hair, and you said the tax would have to be paid to-day, and——"

"Yes," he interrupted, "I know; but it's been paid this morning. Look!"

He showed me a book, and my heart nearly stopped, thinking how I might have had Fido killed, and never have known about it.

"Why!" I cried. "Father must have found out and come and paid!"

The man looked at me very hard.

"If it was your father, he doesn't favour *you*, miss," he said. "Does your father wear corduroys and a plaid cap with a broken peak?"

I stared at him for a moment, then I went very red, for I knew at once it was—Mr. Birch!

"He—he must have sent a man," I explained. I picked up the money and went as quickly as I could, for fear I should cry in the office.

I walked straight to Mr. Birch's, and gave him Mrs. Serplis's money. (I paid it back on Wednesday when a cheque came.) He didn't want to take it, because he said rabbiting and coaling (they are his professions) were cash jobs, and *he* didn't have to wait for his money, like writing gents did. But I said he must let me repay him, so he spat on it for luck and put it in his pocket.

"I can never, never thank you enough, Mr. Birch," I told him. "I *knew* you were kind directly I saw how Fido took to you; but I didn't dream *how* kind. Fido ought to be very proud, for it shows what a lot you think of him to do it for his sake."

Mr. Birch laughed, and shook his big shoulders.

"No fear!" he said. "I didn't, missie. I seed through your little game, and knowed how things stood; an' I did it—for yourn!"

I went very red at first, and stammered a little, then I held out my hand.

"Then *I* ought to be very proud, Mr. Birch," I said, "and I am. Thank you."

He rubbed his hand carefully on his—his clothes. Then he took mine and shook it.

"There ain't nothink to thank me for," he denied, "seein' as I've had it back."

"There is the kindness," I said.

"That ain't nothink," he persisted; but I smiled and shook my head.

"The value of kindness is—just what you value it at," I reminded him.

Father said that was very true when I told him.

"Money is such a small part of life," he said, "after all. The richest man may be only a beggar, if you reckon everything, and an impecunious author like myself may be a millionaire. The value of my little daughter is—what I value her at!"

"Oh!" I said. "Then you're *more* than a millionaire, father!"

It makes me try to be good when I remember how much father thinks of me.

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Picture Paragraphs.

Readers are Invited to Submit Interesting and Extraordinary Photographs Suitable for this Feature. Payment is Made for All Accepted Pictures.

A view of the interior of a Vanguard motor-omnibus fitted up as a dressing-room for Miss Kate Cutler.

By permission of *The Daily Express.*

In this 'bus Miss Cutler used to change her costume every night while riding from the Gaiety Theatre to the Palace Theatre.

A DRESSING-ROOM ON WHEELS.

Miss Kate Cutler's Novel Boudoir.

Miss Kate Cutler has for some time possessed the reputation of a charming actress, but she has lately blossomed forth as a quick-change artist.

Some months ago she undertook to appear at both the Gaiety and the Palace theatres every evening.

At the Gaiety she was sustaining the part of the "Baroness Papouche" in the *Spring Chicken*, while at the Palace she played in *Hero and Heroine*. Thus it was necessary to change her costume both on leaving the Gaiety for the Palace, and on leaving the Palace to return to the Gaiety.

Only an hour was at Miss Cutler's disposal for the two journeys, the two changes of costume, and her appearance on the boards of the Palace. The question naturally arose: How was all this to be done in the time?

Mr. Alfred Butt, the manager of the Palace Theatre, rushed to the rescue with an offer of a covered motor-car fitted as a dressing-room.

So it came about that at 8 p.m. every evening Miss Cutler went on at the Gaiety and remained there until the first act finale, the curtain falling at 9.30.

At 9.35 she dashed out to the waiting motor, started for the Palace, and changed her dress on the way.

At 9.45 she arrived at the Palace, where she was able to add a few finishing touches to her costume before going on the stage at 9.50, for about twenty-five minutes.

At 10.15 she left the stage and hurried out to the motor-car. At 10.18 she started for the Gaiety, changing into a fresh costume on the way. And, lastly, at 10.30, she made her entrance in her second act costume at the Gaiety, with Mr. George Grossmith, jun.

The motor chosen for these stirring scenes was a Vanguard omnibus, closely curtained, and labeled: "Miss Kate Cutler's Dressing Room." Inside the car the windows were hung with dainty curtains of white, festooned with pink roses, while a cluster of electric lights formed a chandelier.

An impromptu dressing-table stood at one end of the car, and there was also a draped looking-glass lighted by two brass candlesticks containing small electric lamps.

There were naturally some difficulties to be surmounted while dressing. The swaying of the 'bus caused hairpins to fly about in a most lively fashion, while brushes and combs sought the floor on every possible occasion.

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LACE FROM A TREE.

THERE are only about half-a-dozen lace-bark trees in existence. They are so called because, when the outer bark is stripped from them, a natural lace is found, from which serviceable collars, cuffs (for the use of the fair sex), window-curtains, etc., can be manufactured. In its natural condition, the lace-bark is of a delicate creamy white colour.

On removing the outer bark, the inner lace-bark may be unwrapped and taken off in one seamless piece, a little more than a square yard in extent. It is washed, and bleached in the sun, when it becomes dazzlingly white. Although apparently weak, when rolled into a thin string it is only broken with difficulty. Indeed, light harness for use in the tropics is manufactured from it.

Lace from the lace-bark tree. When the outer bark is removed, the lace can be unwound in one seamless piece.

NOVEL MOTIVE POWER.

IN Belgium they make their dogs draw carts. In the picture a dog is providing motive power for a grindstone. The driving-wheel is connected by a long rope with the grindstone, the old gentleman holds his knife at the correct angle, and his faithful hound does the rest. It must be granted that the wheel is a very light affair, and the dog is probably not overworked. As his master possesses but one leg, the animal is indispensable when grinding operations have to be performed.

Photo *A. R. Bennett, M.A.*

The little girl is holding a portrait of herself. It is obtained by "double printing" her on to the card, which in the original photo is blank.

A "FREAK" PHOTOGRAPH.

ABOVE is an excellent specimen of a "freak" photograph. It was taken thus: The child was first photographed holding a blank piece of card. On the negative the card naturally appeared as a rectangular space. When a print had been taken from the negative obtained as described, the little girl's head was vignetted on to the white space left on the print which represented the card the child had held.

The old gentleman has his grindstone turned by means of this one dog-power motor. The dog runs round the big wheel, and turns it, thus providing motive power for the grindstone.

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TWO STRANGE GLIMPSES OF CHINA.

A Chinese "Dragon Boat."

On the fifth day of the fifth month of the Chinese year occurs the annual Festival of the Dragon.

The Dragon boat in the illustration is at Canton, a favourite resort of globe-trotters from Hong Kong, from which it is only eighty miles distant.

Few of them, however, see the Dragon boat-races in which these boats are used, and which are a feature of the Dragon Festival.

On "Boat-Race Day" no one does any work, and all the country cousins come in to see the sport. The crowds resulting are rather rough, and it is considered safer for foreigners to give them a wide berth. As these races are the only sporting events of the Chinese year the excitement is very keen, and they are fought out quite as enthusiastically as any inter-'Varsity fixture.

A Chinese "Dragon Boat," specially constructed to take part in the annual "Feast of the Dragon," on the fifth day of the fifth month of the Chinese year.

Examination Cells at Nanking.

At Nanking there are about 12,000 little cells for the accommodation of students sitting for examinations.

These cells are just big enough to hold one man, and only contain a wooden bench.

Passing through a lofty gateway one sees a broad, stone-paved road, to the right and left of which are rows of cells, thirty on each side. Each row contains about 200 cells.

Halfway up the avenue is a large hall, where the chief examiner sits.

Candidates occupy their cells for three periods of three days each, and this often in the hottest time of the year.

No official rank can, officially, be obtained without passing these examinations. As a matter of fact, the degrees can be bought.

Chinese examination cells at Nanking. There is accommodation for about 12,000 students at this city. Each cell contains a wooden bench, and only just allows elbow room for its occupant.

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SLEEPY SALINAS.

An Extraordinary Spanish Town.

Salinas is a very ancient Spanish town situated in the Cantabrian Mountains. It is perched on the side of a peak, and, looking down over a valley of superb grandeur, commands a magnificent view.

The town gives one the impression of having been deposited on the hillside all in one piece by some giant. It is rectangular, and incircled by traces of an ancient wall, with a gateway on each of the four sides. There are no houses for miles around the town, and it is quite isolated.

The two main streets run from gate to gate and cross at right angles in the centre, thus dividing Salinas into quarters.

Salinas has a gateway on each of its four sides. This is one of them. The only way to enter Salinas is by one or other of these gates.

In the centre of the town where the streets intersect is a quaint old stone fountain.

The copper dome of the church's belfry is quite green with age.

It would be possible to walk round the town, whose population can scarcely exceed four hundred, on the roofs of the boundary houses, since there are no detached buildings.

The townsfolk are primitive and picturesque. A bicycle creates as much interest among them as a buffalo in the streets of London would arouse among us.

Salinas viewed from above. The town is rectangular and looks as if set down on the hillside in one piece. A ruined wall, with a gateway on each side, surrounds it.

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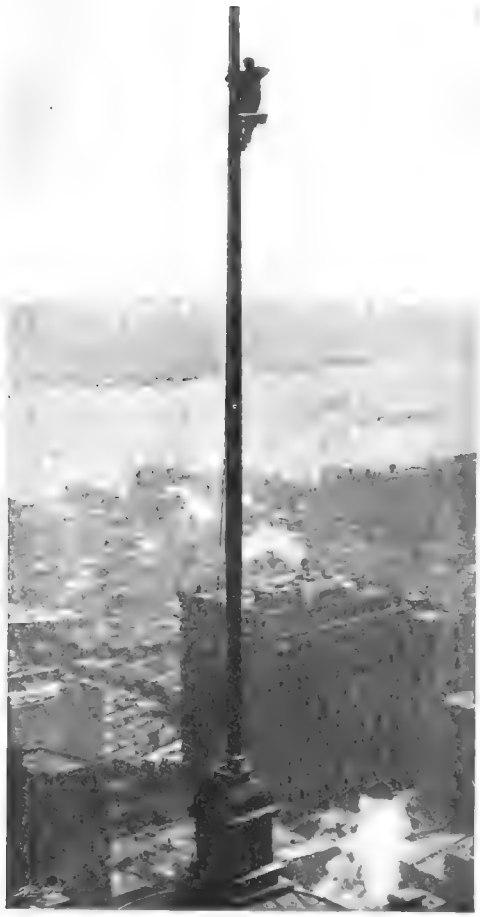

Photo *T. Gribayedoff.*

To take down the flagstaff from the tallest building in New York, a steeple-jack climbed up it and sawed off a piece at a time, lowering each piece with a rope.

TO REMOVE A FLAGSTAFF.

It was desired to remove a flagstaff from the roof of the tallest building in New York. Architects and builders gathered together from all quarters of the city, and each one successfully furnished many excellent arguments to show that the thing was impossible.

At last a well-known steeplejack was called in. He thought for a few minutes, and then said that the least risky method of abolishing the staff would be for him to climb up it, and saw off a few feet at a time, securing each piece with ropes.

This he accordingly did.

FELLING THE NIAGARA DAM.

On November 9th, 1905, a concrete column, erected in Victoria Park, on the Canadian side of Niagara, designed to form a dam when projected into the river, was successfully tipped over.

Some two thousand spectators had assembled to witness the proceedings, and they had the satisfaction of seeing the hopes of the engineers who constructed the dam fulfilled in every respect.

The column, which was 50ft. high and 7ft. 4in. square, stood on a wooden trestle 20ft. above the level of the ground.

At intervals of 8ft., wooden wedges, tapering from a thickness of 12in. on the outside to one of 6in. at the centre, were inserted in it, so as to break it into sections when it fell.

A chain ran through the column from end to end, to hold the sections together.

It took about an hour and a half to tip the column, by means of three jacks under the timbers at the base of the trestle.

When the trestle had been raised a few inches scarcely any slant in the column was noticed, but it was shortly afterwards seen to incline towards the water, and everyone thought it would soon fall.

Quite suddenly it toppled into the river, making a huge splash.

It was intended that the trestle should fall with the column, so as to throw the end of it about 15ft. from the shore, in order to allow space for ice to float past. This occurred, as was anticipated.

The column did not fall quite evenly on the river bed, and some of the middle sections are still protruding from the water.

These may, however, settle down in time.

Photo *Scientific American.*

The concrete dam in the act of falling. It was designed to break into six sections, connected by a chain running through its centre. The dam broke as was anticipated.

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Real Life Romances.

Readers are Asked to Contribute to this Feature. Accounts of True Incidents, giving Names and Dates.
Contributions should be Five Hundred Words in Length.

The Guest of the Evening.

THE ROMANCE OF A DOG.

IN America, those who delight to be called the "Smart Set" have at times lavished sumptuous banquets on some shaven, ribbon-decked poodle, which has no claim to distinction other than that "it is such a darling."

Although for a vastly different reason, a dinner on somewhat similar lines was given not long ago in honour of a dog at Hanley, in the Potteries.

Here is the story, and judge whether the animal was worthy of the honour:

One day last December Mr. Harold Goodwin, whose father is a large builder in the Potteries, was returning home. At his heel followed a retriever. This was Shot, the hero of the story.

Passing through a lonely part of his father's works, Harold Goodwin, with a start of surprise, found himself confronted by a rough, fierce-looking man.

The forbidding appearance of the stranger caused Goodwin to pull up abruptly. Instantly the ruffian, raising his arm, hurled a short, heavy bar of iron full at his face. Stunned, and bleeding from a hideous gash on the cheek, Goodwin reeled back. The ruffian advanced. His eyes glowed at the near prospect of plunder. But something stood between him and the fallen man.

One moment only the retriever eyed his antagonist.

Then, with a sudden leap, his long, woolly body shot through the air, and two rows of firm, white teeth clenched in the ruffian's throat.

Clutching frantically at the thick, curly neck, the hooligan attempted to throttle the dog. From side to side they swayed, each striving his utmost for the mastery.

The ruffian became more desperate. He struggled with the heroic Shot. He cursed, and beat his fist on the creature's head.

Still the undaunted Shot hung on.

And not until the timely arrival of some workpeople had placed his master free from danger did he relinquish the struggle.

* * * * *

Some six weeks later, Mr. Goodwin invited his employés to a dinner.

Beside their host stood the guest of the evening, wagging his tail in modest enjoyment of the applause that had greeted his entry.

Shot was the guest of the evening. To honour him they had all assembled.

One of the workmen stepped forward, and explaining that his fellows wished to bestow on Shot a small present, fastened around the gallant animal's neck a magnificent silver collar, inscribed on which were words that meant in brief, "For Valour."

Clutching frantically at the thick, curly neck, the hooligan attempted to throttle the dog.

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His Chance.

THE ROMANCE OF A JOURNALIST.

WHEN a man rushed breathlessly into the sixth-storey room in which William MacGolly was correcting proofs, and cried: "The place is on fire!" MacGolly merely leant back in his chair.

The man disappeared. First thoughts urged MacGolly to follow his example. Second bade him wait. Here was a chance for the newspaper world to see what sort of men they had on the Minneapolis newspaper.

MacGolly picked up the telephone, and, ringing up a news agency, informed them that the building was on fire. Then he threw up the window, and calmly watched the progress of the fire raging some storeys below him.

"The fire is fast making headway," he next informed the agency. "I am watching it from the sixth storey. It is now in the second."

"Then I guess you'd better go!" remarked the man at the other end of the wire.

MacGolly took no notice. This fire would make a name for him if he made good use of his opportunity.

"Brigades are arriving rapidly," he continued after a few minutes, addressing the agency. "The fire is not under control, however, and it looks as if the building will be gutted."

Ten minutes passed.

"Now it has reached the third storey," he announced through the telephone.

"Now the fifth. Smoke is entering my office. The fire is making fearful headway."

By this time the loud crackling of burning wood warned MacGolly to seek his own safety. He opened the office door. Down one flight of stairs and along a passage he knew there was an emergency staircase.

Too late! A volume of smoke and the long fork of flame drove him hastily back. He closed the door.

Not until then did he realise his peril. Escape down the seething staircase was impossible. Still his courage did not desert him.

Far below he could see the vast crowd of spectators, the snorting fire-engines, and the bright helmets of the running firemen who trained their hoses on the blazing building.

Surely he would be able to rejoin the busy world below! Surely he was not going to die alone in this great building, at the very moment when he was about to become famous!

The black, thick coil of the telephone attracted MacGolly's attention. It seemed to offer him his only chance of escape. A weak thread, but he must take it! The door behind him blistered, and the room reeked of varnish.

Far below a breathless crowd saw a man suddenly grasp the telephone cable overhead, and swing from the burning offices. Hand over hand he made his way almost to the middle of the street. A cheer rose from the crowd.

Now the man hung motionless. He seemed in difficulties. A cry of horror filled the air. MacGolly had fallen.

Down, down, dropped the poor tortured body, until at last it fell with a thud into the street. There had been no time to spread jumping sheets, so MacGolly was killed.

Hand over hand he made his way almost to the middle of the street.

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A Brave Daughter.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FENIAN RIOTS.

A MOTHER and her daughter of eighteen were sitting late one afternoon by the closed window of a room overlooking a long drive thickly bordered by trees and shrubs.

They were anxiously awaiting the sound of wheels announcing the approach of the jaunting car which would bring the husband and father home from his daily duties. He was the trusted land agent of an Irish peer, and the following events occurred during the time of the Fenian depredations.

The girl, who had for some time been silently gazing out of the window, suddenly jumped up from her chair. Then, quickly suppressing an exclamation, she said to her mother: "It's dreadfully hot in this room; I think I'll stroll down the drive to meet father."

"Very well, darling," replied her mother, as the young girl slipped out of the room.

Picking up a garden hat in the hall as she passed through, she proceeded to walk hurriedly down the drive.

Had her mother seen, or even guessed the real cause of her daughter's departure, she would never have permitted her to go alone. The girl realised this, and so she unselfishly concealed her emotion.

She had seen the figure of a man lurking among the shrubs on one side of the drive, and the fading light of day was sufficient to reflect a glint of steel protruding from under his arm.

The sight of a man carrying a gun in the grounds of a gentleman who preserved game, might not seem sufficient to alarm an average Irish girl, but in this case the circumstances were widely different, since the girl knew that a substantial reward had been offered by the Fenian leaders for her father's life.

With a firm step and a beating heart she boldly passed along the drive.

It meant no small effort on the part of the brave daughter to summon up sufficient courage to pass the spot where she knew the armed man to be hiding.

But she realised that her father's life was in danger, and that she must warn him at all costs.

With a firm step and a beating heart she boldly passed along the drive until the gate was reached.

Then the sound of someone stealthily moving in the bushes behind her caused her to take to her heels and run, as fast as her legs would carry her, down the lonely road in the direction from which she expected her father's return.

She had covered about one mile, and was almost exhausted, when her father's car, containing him and the police officer who always accompanied him, appeared in the distance.

A few seconds more, which seemed to her like so many hours, and she was being lifted up by loving hands into the car.

Here she breathlessly narrated the facts of the case.

Needless to say, the remainder of the journey was accomplished with the greatest of caution. No risks were run at the eleventh hour.

A careful search throughout the grounds of the house revealed no lurking assassin. But numerous footprints fully bore out the brave girl's story.

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I swerved him down the bank.

Trapped in the Tunnel.

A CHILIAN ADVENTURE.

THE following narrow escape from death is narrated by a young Englishman who some years ago was a resident in Chili.

* * * * *

In February, 1902, I was assistant-accountant in the *Oficina Jas Pampa*, on the Chilian *Pampa*. Englishmen always feel more drawn to one another when knocking about the world far away from their native land, and I had formed a rather close friendship with a fellow-countryman who was *administrador* of a neighbouring *oficina* at a place called Santa Catalina.

One Sunday morning I thought I would ride over to see him. So, soon after breakfast, I was cantering rapidly towards Santa Catalina and my chum.

I had not ridden to Santa Catalina many times, and the road was unfamiliar, so that I wasted some time while picking up the right track.

On arriving at my destination, however, the warmth of my welcome soon made me forget the heat and discomfort of the journey.

After a look at the nitrate fields, where work goes on day and night all the year round, we discussed an excellent dinner, and then I started for home.

"I'd keep to the railway, if I were you," said my host, "and then you can't go far wrong."

Taking his advice, I rode along the line, and thus avoided a chance of missing my way.

I stopped for a short time at the little town of Dolores to call on Dr. Hawes, the popular *Pampa* physician, and then continued my journey, after drinking a cocktail with him.

By-and-by I came to a tunnel.

This tunnel runs through the San Antonio working-fields, and is about half-a-mile long. There is only a single line of railway through it.

I thought just before I entered the gloomy mouth of the tunnel (it was now getting dark) that it would be very awkward if I happened to meet a train. However, there was nothing for it but to go on.

I had not ridden three hundred yards before I heard a piercing whistle, and, turning in the saddle, I saw, to my horror, the lights of an engine behind me!

Well, I was riding a good horse. It was pitch dark, and there was not a yard of space on either side of the track, so I drove the spurs into the animal's sides, and galloped forward through the darkness as fast as he could lay his hoofs to the ground. He kept stumbling over the sleepers, and I thought he would pitch on his head every moment.

I was bathed in perspiration, and every second I heard the train getting nearer. Would that half mile never end?

At last I saw the welcome moonlight at the end of the tunnel.

Spurring at every stride, I simply lifted my horse along, and emerged from the tunnel about five yards ahead of the train.

I swerved him down the bank, and the train dashed by.

The driver had not seen me, and if that tunnel had been fifty yards longer—*but it wasn't!*

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The Sentinel of the Pass.

A SMUGGLING STORY.

THE wind howled round the little chalet of the Customs officer. Behind it the mountain towered white beneath the snow.

To right and left stretched the Silverette Pass, the road from Switzerland to the Austrian frontier.

Komerthal, the Customs officer, tossed feverishly on his bed.

"You must not go out to-night, father," his daughter said earnestly

The man demurred. Smugglers seemed to be more numerous now than of old. His orders were to watch the pass.

He must obey.

No doubt travelers who had passed during the day had spread the news that he was ill. It was not unlikely that some attempt would be made to evade his watch.

"It is useless to urge me further. I have my duty to do, and it shall be done, come what may.

"What would be thought of me if, while I remained at home, smugglers were to bring contraband goods through the pass?

"Do you wish to bring disgrace on your father?"

Thus the sick man argued with his daughter, but to no purpose.

"You shall not go out to-night," the girl persisted; "for *I* will guard the pass."

Without waiting for an answer, she fastened an ammunition belt over her shoulder, and picking up her father's rifle, bade him have no fear, and hastily stepped out into the darkness of the pass.

Backwards and forwards, following her father's wonted patrol, the girl marched bravely. Hour after hour passed. A heavy mist lay on the mountain; the air was piercingly cold, yet the girl never halted in her vigil.

Slowly the grey light of dawn stole over the mountain.

The dark outlines of three men fell on her eyes. She crept behind a rock.

The men drew nearer.

Suddenly a clear voice called sternly to them to halt. With a startled exclamation, for the men had felt secure in the knowledge that Komerthal was sick, the men dropped their heavy bundles.

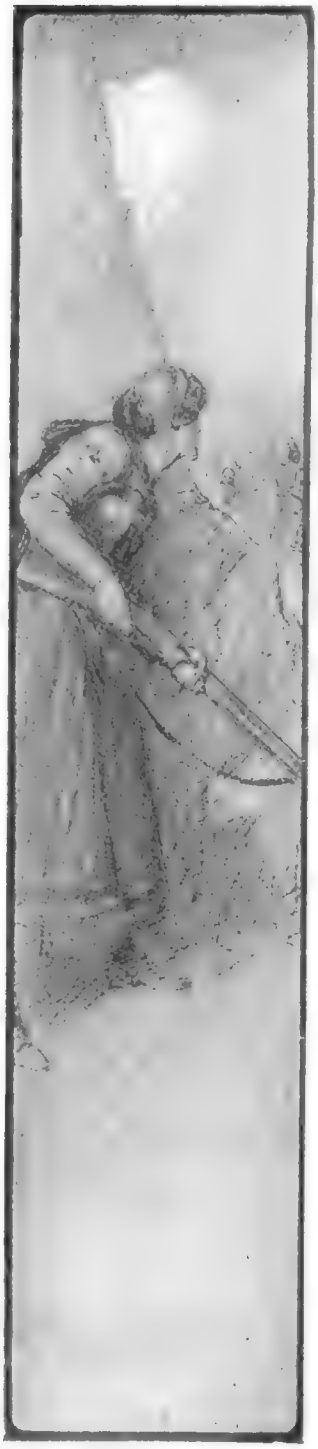
Before them stood a girl with a rifle pressed steadily to her shoulder.

Seeing that their assailant was a woman, the men began to flatter her, and to offer her bribes to let them pass with their burden.

The girl contemptuously refused.

Infuriated at this, the men rushed at her. There was a flash, and the foremost fell to the ground. Yet his comrades advanced. The girl stepped back, and her clubbed rifle rolled the second man in the snow. But the third had seized her. His right hand was wresting the rifle from her grasp. She struggled frantically. Then a well-known voice fell on her ears. Her father had come to the rescue, drawn thither by the rifle shot.

A few hours later, three men bitterly regretted that they had ventured to attack the Fraulein Komerthal.



She crept behind a rock.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

I love to cause perplexity,
I love to make you merry be,
So I, with much dexterity,
Catch, puzzle, make you laugh.

I make my pages full of pranks,
Amuse the wise, and catch the cranks,
And all I ask, by way of thanks,
Is just to make you laugh.

Puzzle Penknives, Puzzle Purses, or Royal Packs of Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of The Royal Magazine), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

One-and-Threepence a Line.

Trusting that the June Royal will be published in a beautifully fine and warm month, "Mr. X" has determined to set his readers no competition which will involve searching of dictionaries or other stopping-in-doors task. Something nice and easy that can be done anywhere.

Very well, then. Here is a beautiful verse of poetry, of which "Mr. X" has only been able to write the last word of each line:

. . . . . rose
. . . . . hand
. . . . . doze
. . . . . band.

He offers a prize of Five Shillings to the sender of what is in his opinion the best verse ending with the words given above.

Letters must be marked, on the outside "Verse," must be addressed "Mr. X," care of the Royal Magazine, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must arrive before June 25th.

Q. Why is a caterpillar like a hot roll?
A. Because it is the grub that makes the butterfly.

Discourteous

Sutton: "Do you know why you should never wear a straw hat when you are likely to meet a lady you know?"

Valence: "Haven't the faintest."

Sutton: "Because it is not the least use to take a straw hat off to a lady."

Valence: "What rot! Why ever not?"

Sutton: "Because, my dear chap, however long you shake it, or however long you keep it in your hand, it is not *felt*."

A Difficult Feat.

This is one of those things which sound easy, but prove, when tried, uncommonly difficult. Stand on your left leg. Turn your right foot and leg with a circular motion from left to right. At the same time try to make on a sheet of paper a capital "d" as made in the copy-books.

Low.

George (going up to Charles and placing his hand on Charles's head): "I say, you are a deceitful chap."

Charles (furiously indignant): "What?"

George: "Well, you must admit you are underhand, aren't you?"

More Attributes of Kate.

The answer to each of these questions is supplied by a word ending in "cate." Thus to No. 1 the answer is "vindicate."

1. Kate will demonstrate your innocence if wrongly accused?
2. Kate teaches and enforces by frequent repetition?
3. Kate decides upon her residence?
4. Kate seizes upon and appropriates your property?
5. Kate makes a simple matter more difficult?
6. Kate roots out all good from bad?
7. Kate leaves her home?
8. Kate should have a good digestion?
9. Kate determines affairs by law?
10. Kate uses her tongue in contention?
11. Kate humbly intreats?

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A New Axiom.

Smith: "Do you know how to construct a triangle having four sides?"

Brown: "Of course not, you duffer. How can a three-sided figure have four sides?"

Smith: "All right; I'll show you. Let A B C be a triangle. Well, you get A B, that's one side; A C, that makes two sides; and B C, that makes three."

Brown: "What about the fourth side?"

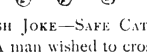
Smith: "Why, the *in*side, stupid."

Surprisingly Simple.

On the back of your hand lay three small pieces of paper in a row. Now assure a friend that you can, with one puff, blow away two pieces and leave the third. Ask him to choose the one he would like you to leave. He will probably choose the middle piece. On this, to his vast discomforture, you lay a finger, and blow away the other two pieces.

A, E, I, O, U.

In the word **facetious** the five vowels occur in their proper order. "Mr. X." will be glad to receive from his readers other similar words they may know of. He will give a pack of Royal playing-cards to the sender of the longest list. The words must be given in Nuttall's dictionary.



Oldish Joke—Safe Catch.

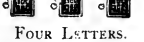
White: "A man wished to cross a bridge. The toll was a penny. He had not got a penny, did not beg, borrow, or steal one, yet he paid a penny and crossed over. How?"

Brown: "He found one."

White: "No."

Brown: "I don't know, then."

White: "He found a ha'penny, and he had another ha'penny in his pocket."



Four Letters.

Come, landlord, fill the flowing . . . .
Until the ale . . . . over.
For in this . . . . to-night I'll . . . .
To-morrow . . . . to Dover.

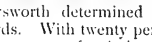
The missing words are in each case composed of the same four letters. What are the words?

The Skirl of the Pipe.

Private A1 (watching the Pipers go by): "What's the difference between a Highland Piper and an inveterate smoker?"

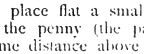
Private A2: "I give it up."

Private A1: "One pipes for his living—the other is living for his pipe."



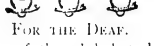
Aviary Arithmetic.

Mr. Moneysworth determined to buy a number of birds. With twenty pence in his pocket he set out to a fancier's. There he spent the whole sum on twenty birds—linnets, blackbirds, and thrushes. Now the price of linnets was 4d. each; of blackbirds, $\frac{1}{2}$d. each; of thrushes, $\frac{1}{4}$d. each. How many of each kind did Mr. Moneysworth buy?



A Weighty Problem.

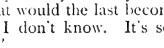
On a penny place flat a small piece of paper. Hold the penny (the paper lying uppermost) some distance above the table. Now encourage someone to lay a small bet as to which will fall quicker if you let the paper go—the penny or the paper. Most people will bet on the penny; knowing folk, thinking there must be some weird trick, may bet on the paper. In either case you will collect the wager, because the penny and the paper will fall simultaneously at the same rate of speed.



For the Deaf.

What letter of the alphabet does a deaf lady best like?

The letter A, because it makes h-e-r hear.



A Natural Result.

Richard: "Supposing you had a basin of water and six shot. Supposing you dropped the shot very slowly one by one into the water. What would the last become?"

James: "I don't know. It's some catch, I suppose?"

Richard: "Not at all. Naturally it would become wet."

RESULTS.

More Attributes of Kate.—(1) Vindicate, (2) Inoculate, (3) Locate, (4) Confiscate, (5) Complicate, (6) Articulate, (7) Vacate, (8) Intricate, (9) Implacate, (10) Altricate, (11) Supplicate.

Four Letters.—Pots, tops, spot, stop, post.

Aviary Arithmetic.—3 linnets, 15 blackbirds, 2 thrushes.

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Cynthia of the Heights

The Story of an Infatuation and its Ending.

By Dorothea Deakin.

Humphrey came over to the window-seat where Peggy was sitting, and sighed ostentatiously.

She laughed.

"My dear boy, what a sigh! What's the matter now?"

He sighed again.

"I suppose I've got the hump a bit more badly than usual, that's all. You're so jolly cheerful, you can't understand a chap having the blues. I never saw such a light-hearted girl as you, Peggy."

Peggy looked out of the window and smiled a private smile at the sunset.

"Thank you," said she.

She was a little, brown-haired, brown-eyed girl, round and kittenish, with a caressing manner.

He went on: "Nothing seems to depress you; as for money worries—" he glanced compassionately round the shabby room—"money worries slide off you like water off a duck's back."

"Yes," said Peggy, "but hadn't you better tell me what special kind of a hump you're nursing just now? It always does you good to talk things over, doesn't it?"

Humphrey regarded with gravity a handsome brown boot.

"Nothing can do me any good now. My life's ruined, Peggy, simply ruined."

"Ah!" said she gently, "I suppose you've been up at the Heights again?"

"Last night," Humphrey groaned, "I dined there; she was adorable—divine. Her gown—oh Peggy, such a gown! Palest shimmering green, like sea-water in a cave. With her wonderful hair, and emerald chains and things, and her white skin—Undine and Iolanthe and all those people weren't in it with Cynthia last night."

"Was she kind to you?" Peggy's eyes were bent on a coarse little stocking of heather mixture. She was mending a big hole in the knee.

"Kind? Yes!" His tone was bitter. "She is always kind. She went out into the garden with me after dinner with some kind of a lace mantilla thing on her head, fastened with a rose! Oh, Peggy!"

Peggy put out a little work-roughened finger, and stroked his coat cuff gently.

"For the fourth time I asked her to marry me," he said bitterly.

"Well?"

"Same old answer. Doesn't care for me in the right way. Thinks of me as a sort of dear brother. I don't want to be anybody's confounded brother—unless it's yours, Peg."

Peggy's gaze returned to the sunset.

"That's very nice of you," she said.

"She says she is too young to know her own mind. Doesn't know what love is. When I think that some other beastly bounder of a chap, she's not even seen yet,

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will have the teaching of her, and I—oh, Peggy! It's awful."

Peggy laid down her stocking. "Cynthia's very young—I daresay she's quite right when she says she doesn't know her own mind. Why shouldn't you be the one to teach it to her? Don't lose heart about her yet. Ten to one she'll come round in the end. I can't believe the game is quite up. If I were you I would go up to the Heights oftener. Give up love-making and compliments altogether for a time. Make her depend upon you, and let her see what a really superlatively nice person you can be if you like. Don't grovel. Don't follow her about like a little puppy dog. And if she smiles at other men, don't look as if you wanted to punch their heads. Don't notice it. And if you *can* bring yourself to be equally pleasant to any other girl—why do. I'm sure that is the way to set about it."

Humphrey's dejected air did not vanish.

"How can I look at any other woman when Cynthia's in the room?" said he.

"Try," said Peggy earnestly. "If she's worth winning, she's worth a little trouble."

"I'd lay down my life for her," he cried.

"Of course," she laughed. "But unfortunately you aren't called upon to do that. And I feel sure that a little common patience and tact will get your heart's desire for you in time."

His gloomy face brightened a little. "Peggy," he murmured, "you're wonderful. I feel quite different about it now. How do you come to be so wise at your age? How is it you understand so well?"

"Oh, Humphrey!" Again she laughed. "Of course I understand. When I was ten and you were thirteen, I understood why you took daddy's apples and smoked his cigars, didn't I? When you were nineteen and hopelessly misunderstood at home, I managed to understand you here. There isn't a corner of your dark and mysterious mind that I haven't turned out. I'm a perfect Sherlock Holmes where you're concerned."

Humphrey rose, his gloom quite dispelled; but Peggy slipped out of the room, shutting the door behind her. Once safe in the passage she leant against the wall with a sob.

"I can't go upstairs and cry," she said desperately. "I haven't time before tea. And I *must* go into the garden and see what the children are doing. If they've been at the gooseberries Billy will be *so* sick! I mustn't let myself cry—I daren't." She ran into the kitchen and put the kettle on. The tousled general, cleaning saucepans in the scullery, glanced curiously at her red eyes, and sniffed. She whisked her saucepan brush vigorously.

"Bills again, I shouldn't wonder," said Matilda. "It's a shame, that's what it is, and I'd tell 'im so for twopence."

Peggy found the children and brought them in; and washed them in spite of fierce resistance, and with more yellow soap in their poor little eyes than they expected from her; gave them their tea of thick bread and butter and rhubarb jam, and went steadily through the thousand and one inevitable duties which made up the day, while Humphrey went home to his comfortable dinner.

Three times a week it was his custom to drift into the old vicarage, to rave about Cynthia of the Heights to Peggy, who understood him. And Peggy always listened patiently, laughed a little, and in the end advised with wisdom. She was certainly a friend in a thousand.

"Peggy," he said one day, "I have taken your advice. I have been up to the Heights every other day. I have done everything I could to please her, and I have been as nice as I know how."

"Oh," said Peggy. "But that wasn't quite all the advice, was it? Did you try to be a little less doormatty? And did you manage to keep your eyes away from her for five minutes at a time?"

Humphrey sighed.

"That wasn't so easy," he said. "I did try, but I'm afraid she didn't notice it. It only seemed to amuse her when I stayed at the other end of the drawing-room to talk to her cousin Joan."

Peggy laughed.

"Oh Humphrey, Humphrey, I am afraid you are too honest to dissemble your love."

"Nothing of the kind," said he shortly.

A few days later:

"Cynthia was very kind last night. She gave me a rose for the first time—a white one."

"Did she? Have you put it near your heart?"

He blushed.

"It's in my pocket-book. It fell out whilst I was paying Mrs. Bloggs this morning. You should have seen her face, Peggy."

Peggy laughed.

"Poor old thing. She guesses that it is the beginning of the end, Humphrey."

"But it is a good sign, isn't it?" very eagerly.

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"I should say so."

Peggy was making scones for the children's tea, with the sleeves of her faded pink blouse rolled well above her elbows, and her brown arms covered with flour.

"'A teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream of tartar.' Did you say she didn't seem to like your being nice to her cousin Joan?"

"No," making a vicious dab at a fly with Peggy's rolling-pin. "She seemed pleased and sent me in to dinner with her."

"She's so sure of you," said Peggy. "And please give me back the rolling-pin."

"They will make a splendid couple," she said to herself, as she brushed out her little sister's hair at nine o'clock that night. "A perfectly ideal couple; and if you don't keep your head still, Muriel, I'll box your ears with the back of the brush—so there!"

But in a month or so she began to notice a change in Humphrey. He seemed less eager to discuss Cynthia and her charms, and sometimes he was even rude to Peggy when she broached this subject.

"She is too sacred for an outsider now," thought she with a pang. "It is sacrilege to discuss her. Oh, Humphrey! Humphrey!"

Then his visits diminished from four a week to two; one—and then only once a fortnight, and Peggy grew so sharp-tempered and disagreeable that the children kept out of her way, and even ran instead for comfort to Matilda the heavy-handed. Matilda was much concerned. She watched Peggy narrowly, and one day, finding her in tears in her bedroom, marched straight into her master's study to find out if it *was* a question of bills.

The master, used to her freedom of manner, assured her that he had just settled with the butcher and the baker; that the rent was paid; that if she didn't leave the room at once she would have a month's notice to hurry her footsteps; that—

But Matilda was not satisfied. The next afternoon was her own. She met her young man at the appointed time and corner, took him with her half-a-mile or so, and left him to cool his heels at the garden gate, while she called on Humphrey, half asleep in a long deck chair, with a dead pipe in his mouth. He rose with a start as Mrs. Bloggs ushered in a vision in a purple coat and skirt and a forget-me-not bewreathed hat. He did not at first recognise Matilda of the smutty print frocks and irresponsible hair.

Abashed for a moment, she grew red and struggled to find words. As the door shut behind Mrs. Bloggs, she made a desperate effort to begin.

"Why," said Humphrey pleasantly, but with some surprise, "it's Matilda. Sit down, Matilda. I suppose you've brought a message for me from Miss Peggy?"

"No," said Matilda, gathering courage. "I've not come with no message. It's my afternoon out, and Fred's at the gate waiting. I've come to please myself."

"And me," Humphrey said gallantly.

She sat down hastily on the corner of a chair, clutching desperately at her umbrella. It was at that moment her only anchor.

"Miss Peggy's frettin'. She's worryin' herself to a shadder. Thought perhaps *you'd* know what was wrong, comin' as often as you *'ad* used to do."

Humphrey started.

"Fretting?" cried he, "I should have thought she was the last person in the world to fret. She's always so light-hearted, such a little optimist."

"I don't know nothing of optimisses," said Matilda frankly, "but I'm a young woman myself, an' we've all our feelin's pretty much the same, I take it. I've never 'eard of an optimiss, but I've kep' company with a fair sight of young *men*, an' I know *their* ways."

Humphrey blankly sat and wondered.

"There's keepin' company," she went on, "an' there's true love, an' I've 'ad both in my time. An' there's the sort that loves an' rides away. I've not been without hexperience of that, but it's a sight too bad that Miss Peggy should be findin' it out." She covered her cheap but elaborate strapped shoes with the edge of her skirt, and finished her speech with a thump of her sacred umbrella on Humphrey's Turkey carpet.

"Good Heavens!" Humphrey's face was crimson with the beginnings of understanding.

"What on earth are you driving at, Matilda? You don't mean to tell me that someone's been playing fast and loose with Peggy—little Peggy? Tell me at once what you mean by all that rigmarole!"

"Rigmarole yourself." Matilda was scornful. "And you needn't pretend you don't know. When a young man comes to see a young woman four times a week and sits and talks to 'er for hours at a time, stockin'-mendin' or no stockin'-mendin', washin'-up or no washin'-up, it stands to reason as the young woman should begin to think things."

"Good Heavens!" Poor Humphrey was dumfounded.

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"And"—Matilda banged her umbrella up and down to accompany her words—"when the young man drops off comin' little by little, it stands to reason that the young woman 'ull fret about it." She rose and shook out her skirts, prepared to go. Humphrey fidgeted amongst his papers with trembling fingers

"If Miss Peggy 'ears of this," Matilda said finally, "it'll mean a month's notice. But I've a sort of feelin' that you'll not tell Miss Peggy. And I 'ad it on my chest. It were bound to come out. I've never taken to no one as I've took to 'er. When I think of some of the missises I've 'ad, oh Lor!" She walked towards the door.

"Wait," said Humphrey quickly. She turned and faced him defiantly.

"Last night," she said, "I come down quiet in my stockin' feet to look for my scissors. Miss Peggy was sittin' on the kitchen fender, waitin' for 'er pa's milk to boil, looking at a photo of a young boy in football clo'es. Bare knees 'e 'ad, and a white shirt! I never seed such a sight! But it was one of *your* photos, and she was cryin' over it; so *there!*"

Humphrey, almost in a dream, walked up to her and held out his hand.

"Matilda," he said in a low voice, "you're a brick. I respect you for it. You were right to tell me. You see I—I didn't know."

The girl sniffed—took his hand gingerly and dropped it—then bounced out of the room.

Humphrey, left alone, gazed with unseeing eyes at his sunny garden; listened with unhearing ears to the thrush in the lilac tree.

"By George!" he said at last—"by George!"

And then he thought it over.

* * * * *

Peggy, sitting in the kitchen garden shelling peas, greeted him next day with a cry of surprise.

"You—oh, Humphrey! It's nearly three weeks since you were here. We thought you'd forgotten us quite. Aren't you well? You look pale. Muriel, run in and get a rug for him. The grass is wet."

"Nonsense!" Humphrey sat down at her feet, clasped his hands, and regarded her keenly with grave grey eyes. "Muriel, do you think you and Billy and the twins could go to the village for me and get yourselves four separate half pounds of chocolate almonds? Yes? Then scoot!"

He sat silently for some minutes, still looking at her with that curious, intense gaze. She flushed a little, and wondered if she had done anything to offend him.

"How is Cynthia?" she asked. "Is your goddess still kind, Humphrey? Or is she, perhaps, more than kind—now?"

Humphrey did not answer. She fidgeted with a handful of pods.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked at last. "Why do you stare at me in that queer way? Is there a smut on my face? Perhaps my hair's coming down; but *that's* nothing new."

He moved close up to her and leant his head against her knee as he had done a thousand times before; as Billy and Roger did. It was one of his brotherly ways.

"Peggy," he said in a low voice. "Don't you think we were made for each other?"

She looked surprised.

"We've always been good pals," said she.

"Yes," said Humphrey. "I'm a lonely beggar, Peggy. And I'm beastly tired of Mrs. Bloggs."

Peggy shelled peas vigorously. "I suppose," she said, in a strained voice, "I suppose—this means that Cynthia is coming round?"

"Hang Cynthia!" said Humphrey.

"What!"

He rose. She, with open eyes and parted lips, rose too. Basin, basket, peas, and husks fell to the ground.

"I've been a fool about Cynthia," said Humphrey, "and I'm tired of the folly. I've found out now what it is I really want—what, in fact, I must have, if I am to be happy—something I can't do without."

She stood there with hands hanging by her side—with pale face and amazed eyes. Suddenly a flash of pink flooded her cheeks, and Humphrey saw that she understood him at last.

"*You*, Peggy," he said.

* * * * *

For a month she lived in a dream. She dreaded the children's discovery of her wonderful secret, her father's cool astonishment and displeasure, and, above all, the congratulations of her neighbours; so Humphrey agreed that they should keep it to themselves till Christmas. Then everyone was to know, and at Easter they would be married.

Matilda alone guessed what had happened, and chuckled to herself when she heard her mistress singing about the house, and Peggy grew prettier every day with happiness until—something happened.

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Basin . . . peas, and husks fell to the ground.

She was sitting in the window seat, patching Roger's little blue serge knickerbockers, when Humphrey came in from the orchard with a rueful face. He held out his coat-sleeve apologetically.

"We've been playing bears," he said. "And I was the hunter. It's no joke, I can tell you, to be hugged by Billy and Muriel and Maud all at once. Did you ever see such a rip?"

"Take off your coat at once." Peggy's voice called for obedience. "I'll mend it."

She sent it back to him in an hour with such a darn as Roger's clothes had never seen. Then she had finished the blue serge knickerbockers, and turned to the inevitable stocking basket. Searching among the wools on her knee, a slip of folded paper caught her eye. She picked it up curiously—a little note, smelling faintly of some delicate, unknown scent. She opened it in astonishment, and had read it through before she realised that she had no right to do anything of the kind. It had evidently fallen out of Humphrey's coat pocket.

The Heights.

You have asked me a question four times. If you are still in the same mind, you may come to see me to-night.

CYNTHIA.

"Oh," said Peggy, "Oh!"

She buried her face in her hands and tried to think. Humphrey loved her. Of course, he wouldn't go to Cynthia. He would write and tell her the truth. But supposing—only supposing, of course—that this letter woke up the old feeling! Suppose even now he was—was regretting! Oh! She tore up the note, and burnt the pieces in the empty grate with a match. Then she went upstairs and looked at herself in the damp-spotted mirror.

"He *must* regret," said she. "How can he give up such a beauty as Cynthia for a plain, brown little thing like me?"

Matilda knocked at the door, and opened it. "Please Miss Peggy—'adn't I better go out for some more butter, if Mr. 'Umphrey's stayin' to tea? It won't never go round in this world."

"Yes," said Peggy hastily.

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"If I was you, miss, I'd do my 'air again. It's a bit wild like."

"All right, Matilda. You needn't pay for the butter. Tell them to put it down."

But Matilda still lingered.

"You look a deal better, Miss Peggy," she said admiringly. "Quite an 'andsome colour you've got of your own. You've give over frettin' I can see."

Peggy turned quickly.

"Fretting? What do you mean?"

Matilda sniggered. "I seed it all," she said, with simple pride. "And I took it into my own 'ands, and put it all as right as your 'at!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Mr. 'Umphrey! As blind as a bat 'e was. But *I* show'd 'im."

"Matilda! Showed him, what?"

"Why," said the servant doggedly, "I went to see 'im on my day out, and asked 'im what 'e meant by 'is be'aviour. I told 'im what a shame it was, and 'e saw my meanin' quick, and profited."

Peggy moved with one quick bound across the room and caught the girl by the wrist.

"Tell me the truth," she cried, "at once. What did you say?—quick!"

Matilda looked frightened, and pulled away.

"Say?" said she, "I told 'im the truth. I told 'im you was cryin' your 'eart out for 'im—that's what I told 'im—so there."

She escaped.

Poor Peggy! She flung herself on to the bed, and buried her face in her hands. Shame, humiliation, unspeakable misery and disappointment, raged in her heart, and to crown all, over and over again the words of Cynthia's note repeated themselves in her brain: "If you are still in the same mind, you may come to see me to-night."

And he could not go to see Cynthia because she, Peggy, was holding him back. A sudden wild impulse to go down and tell him everything, and then set him free, seized her, but she abandoned it at once. "No," she said. "He is too kind-hearted. He would deny that he still loved Cynthia. He would stick to his bargain with me through thick and thin, because he would be sorry for me. And he asked me just out of pity. Pity! Oh, how *dared* Matilda? How *dared* she?"

In a little while a plan occurred to her. She stumbled up from the bed, and bathed her eyes frantically, then went downstairs to find him. Billy, on the doorstep, she caught by the coat collar, and sent to tell her lover that she wanted him in the nursery. In two minutes he was there beside her. She stood rigidly, and began her part with mechanical monotony.

"I wish to tell you, Humphrey," she said, "that I have made a mistake."

He stared.

"Mistake! Peggy, what do you mean?"

He was still there, his elbows on the table, his head on his hands.

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"I told you that I loved you," in slow, deliberate tones. "It was a lie. I don't."

"Peggy!"

"Yes," said Peggy, "I have changed my mind. I wouldn't marry you for anything."

"But Peggy——?" He stood there amazed.

"Why—why——"

Peggy pursued her point steadily.

"Nothing you can say will make any difference to me now. If I have hurt your feelings I am sorry."

Humphrey's face had grown pale, and sterner than she had ever seen it. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked slowly. "You owe me the truth at least."

"The meaning?" She moved slowly towards the door. Her powers were almost exhausted, but she must keep it up till she got to her room. "The meaning of it is," said she, in curiously even tones, "that I love someone else."

She crept up to her room, and broke into a violent storm of weeping. She listened—almost unconsciously—for the sound of the front door, which would mean that he had gone away, never to come back to her again.

The sound did not come. She crept to the door, and listened there. The house seemed to be empty. Then she went slowly down to the nursery door, and listened there. There she did hear something. She opened the door a few inches. He was still there, his elbows on the table, his head on his hands. In amazement she stole up to him, and laid her hand on his bowed head. She had always been able to comfort him before. It was her right. She had almost forgotten what had happened.

"For Heaven's sake," said Humphrey, "go away and leave me now."

"But, Humphrey——"

"I thought," said he in a stifled voice, "that we had been made for each other. Ever since you promised to marry me, I've been living in Paradise."

Peggy caught her breath.

"Humphrey! Matilda has told me the truth. You asked me out of pity. It is Cynthia you love. You must go to Cynthia."

He rose.

"I'll break Matilda's neck," he said with emphasis.

She laughed hysterically.

"Peggy, my dear, my dear, you said there was someone else!"

"It was a lie," said Peggy in an ashamed voice.

"Thank Heaven!" He took her in his arms and kissed her. "Peggy," he said, "I have always loved you; but it was through Matilda that I found it out. Even when I thought I was in love with Cynthia, it gave me more pleasure to talk about her to you, than to be with her. And when I began to see her so often, I grew tired of her wonderful hair and her affected voice. When you talked to me about her, I felt as if I couldn't bear it, and I stayed away from you because I was ashamed to tell you that I was getting over my fancy. Then Matilda opened my eyes to the real truth."

"Matilda," said Peggy with a strangled sob of happiness, "deserves a month's notice and no character——"

"She'll get," said Humphrey decidedly, "a five pound note, and I'm going to give it to her now."

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SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

Photo Borough Photo & Ophir Co.
Sergeant-Major J. Parkinson, late 11th Hussars, who tells the story.

XVII.—THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

From the Narrative of Sergeant-Major J. Parkinson, late 11th Hussars, one of "The Six Hundred."

As Told to Walter Wood.

One of the very first shots—if not actually the first—of the Crimean War was fired by the gallant veteran whose story is here retold. Sergeant-Major J. Parkinson, late 11th Hussars, served in the Light Brigade, and took part in the immortal charge of the Six Hundred. He was in the Crimea from first to last, and was present at all the engagements, including the Alma, Inkerman, Balaklava, and Sebastopol. After leaving the Army he was in the mounted police in London; then he had a long and honourable record in the Birmingham police force, from which he retired on pension. The great battle of the Alma was fought on September 20th, 1854. The Allies—English, French, and Turks—and the Russians were almost evenly matched, but the Russians had an enormous advantage in their strong position.

Through the surf which broke and murmured on the shore, each man struggling with two horses, sometimes in the water, sometimes on the rafts, cold and drenched—that was how we landed in the Crimea. Our regiment was nearly nine hours in getting from the transport to the shore—yet it got there safely, and even if we shook and shivered in our soldier finery, that was better than being at the bottom of the sea, which some of the foreign troops had reached instead of the land.

We belonged to the Light Brigade—yes, I went through the Valley of Death with the Six Hundred—and we bivouacked as best we could. We had three days' rations, but no commissariat, and we got through the first miserable night in the land of the enemy as best we could. We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks and lay down and tried to sleep, but there was no rest for most of us. To begin with, there was the excitement of actual campaigning, and we did not know what was going to happen.

As a matter of fact, the very first night in the Crimea a remarkable thing resulted from the natural nervousness of the new troops in a new campaign. War is like most other things—you have to get used to it; it is full of surprises, too, and we received our baptism of fire in a very strange way.

Some of us were bivouacking, and some of us were sent at once on outlying piquet, as the cavalry in the Crimea called it; outpost duty, as the term now is.

I rode out with my comrades of the 11th Hussars towards the direction in which we knew the Russians must be. About half-a-mile from us our French allies were still landing from their ships. Suddenly, to our amazement, the darkness of the night was broken by flashes of fire, and the stillness was disturbed by the crackle of small arms.

What had happened? Who were firing on us? It could not be the Russians, because they were inland; it could not be our own comrades, who even in their excitement could not have opened fire on their own piquets, knowing where we were. There was only one explanation, and that was that the French, hearing but not seeing us, knowing that the Russians were in our direction, had mistaken us for the enemy and had instantly begun to pepper into us! And so in truth it was.

The very first shots that were fired in the Crimea were fired by our friends and allies.

We were in a desperate case. We knew that the potters were our allies, and we were

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thus prevented from retaliating; yet it was no pleasant thing to come by such an early and inglorious death.

What did we do? What could we do but dismount a good deal quicker than we had mounted, and shelter behind our saddles and our horses until the real truth dawned on our assailants. And providentially that was very soon, for they knew from the non-return of their fire that they were blazing away at friends. We heard the welcome and the soothing sound of "Cease fire!" But the French had drawn some blood at least, because two or three of our horses were wounded. The precarious luck of war had saved us from death under fire before even a Russian had been seen.

That incident was mere comedy. We were soon enough to get more than our fill of the gloomy horrors of a long and woefully mismanaged war.

Our friendly baptism was swiftly followed by the first brush with the enemy himself, and a plunging into the sensations of meeting in the flesh the men of whom we had heard and talked so much, but had not yet beheld.

We had a day in which to settle down. Then early in the following morning we marched off in skirmishing order in front of the brigades of infantry, with two troops of Horse Artillery in our rear. It was a time for thrilling emotions, for eager anticipations, for a man to test himself and find out of what stuff he was made. Here we were, almost as soon as we had set foot in the Crimea, marching to seek the enemy, with every probability of a speedy finding.

The hours passed on, and the afternoon was wearing; then, abruptly and dramatically, we met the foe—and that part of it in which we as cavalrymen were so intensely interested—the Cossacks, of dreaded memory.

It was a wonderful first meeting of combatants. We came together; we knew that we were mortal enemies. Still we advanced without firing, drawn to one another as if magnetised, until we were near enough to laugh at each other. Not more than a hundred and fifty yards separated us; yet it was not until this short distance intervened that we crushed our mutual curiosity, remembered that we were there to fight and not to stare, and suddenly and simultaneously opened fire.

You might suppose, from our closeness to each other, even allowing for the nervousness and disorder which are inseparable from a first engagement, that there would have been blood enough and to spare shed in this opening meeting; yet it is an extraordinary fact that, although we were firing into each other for at least twenty minutes, not a man amongst us was hurt—only one was struck, and that was a trooper who was hit on the foot by a spent bullet!

And how did this come about, you ask? Well, you must remember that I am talking of fifty years ago, when a very slow-firing and imperfect carbine was in use—a weapon which even the smartest of men could not discharge more than once in two minutes. We fired from ten to twelve rounds of ammunition from the saddle—there was no dismounted firing by cavalry during the whole of the war. Nowadays two such forces so near to each other would suffer mutual annihilation in a few moments; but then, of course, they would never get so near except for sabre work.

But the Russians were not so fortunate as we had been. They shed blood to some extent, for the Horse Artillery dashed up and began firing, and the enemy retreated with the loss of several men. Grape and canister proved far more deadly than the carbine.

It was a striking opening to the war, and the effect of it upon us was remarkable, too. Our men stood their ground coolly—astonishingly calmly, indeed, considering that almost without exception they were young men—most of them youths, in fact—fresh from England. I believe this freedom from fear, when the firing had really begun, was due to the fact that no one was hurt. A feeling of great confidence was aroused, and our spirits rose to a high pitch.

If this was war, where were its horrors? They were to be revealed to us in all their nakedness only a day later by Alma river.

We of the Light Brigade were in a starving state, for by this time our three days' provisions had gone, and we had nothing to eat or drink. But Providence and energy—and again the luck of war—saved us from too much suffering. We were bivouacking on that night before the first great battle in the Crimea at a village called Bulganac. It was now forlorn and deserted, but some ducks and poultry, and a few sheep and pigs, had been left in the hurry of evacuation by the villagers, and we raided and captured them and roasted them over our camp fires as best we could, which was indifferently, as we had no cooking utensils. It was a welcome meal, and all we had to eat till the battle was over.

That was a memorable and fateful night. The battlefield was an arena of about five

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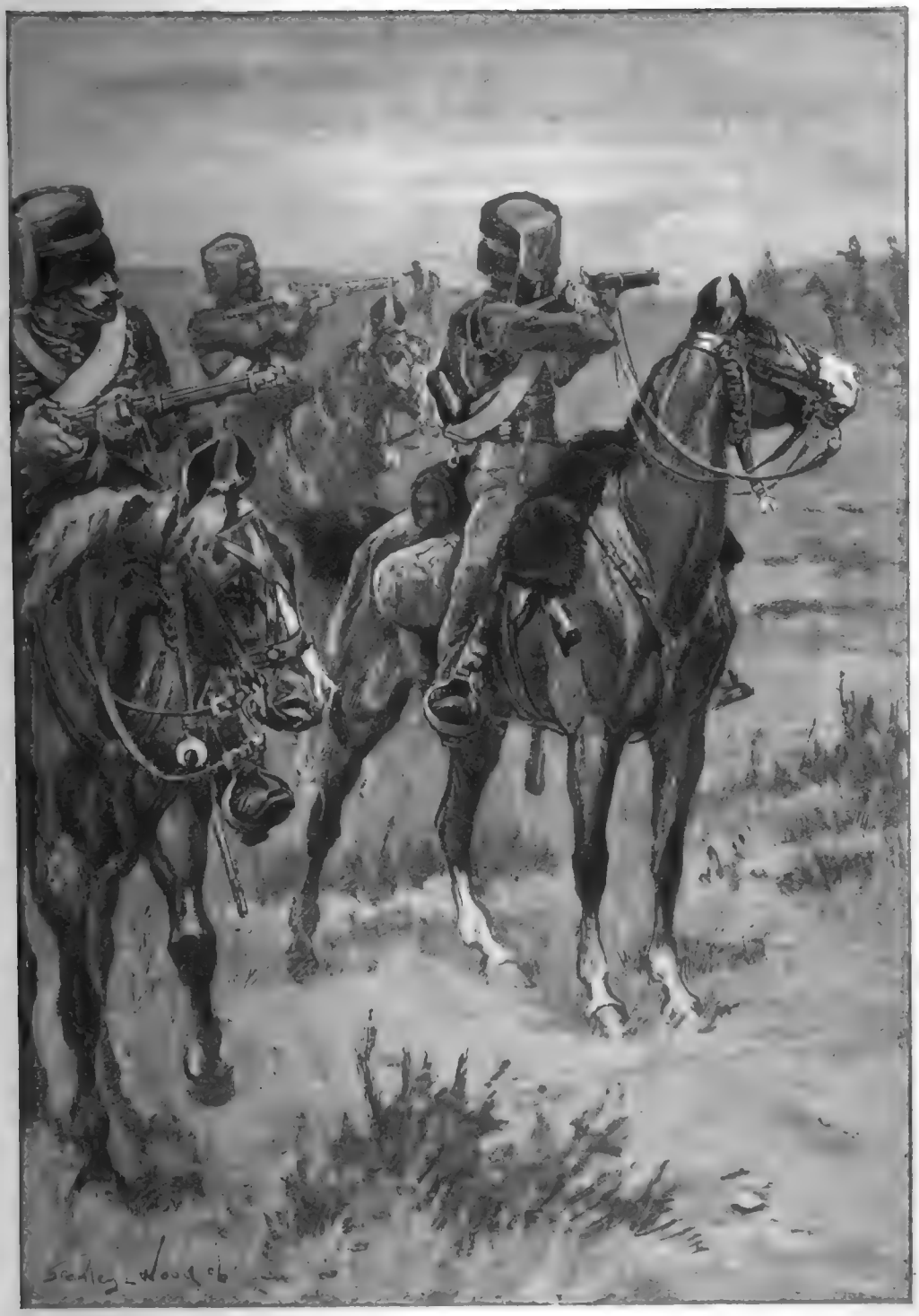

Although we were firing into each other for at least twenty minutes, not a man amongst us was hurt.

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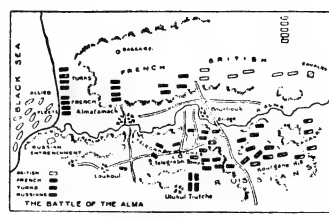
square miles, a valley commanded by two ranges. We, the Allies—British, French, and Turks—were in the valley; the Russians, equalling us in strength, were mustered in the hills. The object of the fight was to overcome and drive them away, and to do that the heights had to be stormed and captured.

Who that went through it can ever forget that night before the battle? It was dreary because of the intense cold and our own unreadiness for it—no tents, no comforts, no commissariat, none of the things which are needful nowadays to make your troops ready for contest; we had been dumped down on shore and hurried up to meet the Russians. But our gloomy bivouac ended when the morning broke—a cold, grey, misty morning which was in keeping with our spirits. Swift disease had carried off many of us in the night—yet there was no time for mournful contemplation. The players were mustered for the great game of death and triumph, and the game began with a general advance of the Allies at something after one o'clock, when the sun was high and hot.



Plan of the Battle of the Alma.

A river and village ran parallel with each other under the first range of heights—a narrow river and a mean mud village, The miserable buildings had been filled with straw and other quickly-burning things—why, we did not learn until the battle opened, then the village burst into flames and smoke, and we saw that the purpose was to mask the fire of the Russian batteries, which immediately began to flash and boom in the hills.

Simultaneously with the outbreak of the fire in the huts and hills the British infantry forded the Alma, and began that desperate journey which those who could view it as we from our position saw it—the Light Brigade was posted on the left flank, ready for a swoop when the enemy should be broken—never hoped to see accomplished.

The Russian guns in the heights—there were 180 of them—roared and re-echoed, crashed and roared again. The valley below was torn with shot and shell, the troops were ploughed into, and the earth was thrown up about them. Men fell, slain or wounded—the first fruits of the war that was now raging in grim earnest—and it looked as if the red regiments would never reach the heights, and never scale and carry them. Yet they steadily drew nearer, gaining courage as they went. They never flinched from their purpose, never hesitated to obey that order which was always the "Advance!" Covered by our own artillery fire, with chosen men picking off the gunners in the hills, the infantry forced its way by sheer cohesive strength, impelled by an unfaltering courage, to the burning village.

In face of such overwhelming odds it seemed incredible that the victory could be won at all, still more unlikely that at such an early stage of the engagement there should be a chance of knowing how the fight would end; yet, in my judgment, even then the turning point had been reached, for if troops could get across that ball-swept vale, surely they could not be held at bay when their blood was up, and the time for storming with the bayonet came!

It was marvelous and thrilling to watch these raw, untrained lads push steadily on in face of such determined odds. On that field of battle no man could see more than part of the fight—not more than part is ever seen by any individual; but the Light Brigade were able to witness as much of the engagement as anybody, and a fascinating panorama it was, too.

There was the undulating plain between the hills and the sea, intersected by the river; on it, in the battle-smoke, were the brigades of Allies, rolling in red ranks towards the heights. Many of the masses of troops were very solid, some of the regiments were widely scattered. Colours were flying bravely in the thick air, officers were loudly encouraging their men, the men themselves were shouting as they advanced, and with it all there was the ceaseless, dull crash of artillery, and the constant rattle of musketry. And there were those other noises also which begin with every fight—the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying—noises which are mercifully mingled with the greater din of battle, or men could never face each other in war. Combatants were shot dead by gun

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or musket; others were hideously wounded. Still the ranks were kept together, still the Colours were held on high, and the waving swords of the officers flashed in the grey smoke and the gleams of sunshine.

There were a few—there always are, I think, in battle—whose hearts failed them, and who managed to fall out and stay behind in the confusion; but with these rare exceptions the redcoats panted on and up, and at last there came the great moment when the first of them were in the very batteries of the Russians. That was little more than an hour after the fight began—a grand result, indeed, when you bear in mind that the heights were considered impregnable, and that the Russians calculated that, even if they were constantly and desperately assailed, and fell at all, they could not be reduced and taken in less than six or eight weeks. So sure were they of this that, behind the second range of heights, they had built towers from which they could comfortably watch the daily operations of the Allies.

The river, rugged ground, ruined buildings, burning huts, gardens, vineyards—all these and other obstacles had been safely passed, in defiance of the Russian gunners and sharpshooters; now the very hills were reached, and the hardest trial of the battle came. Could human courage stand the fire from the very muzzles of the weapons and afterwards face the steel of the defenders? Could human strength, taxed so heavily by the desperate advance across the open that men could scarcely speak, survive that final call to mount the heights and drive the brave and sullen grey-coats off?

The answer was first given by one of the British regiments—the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. They stormed the Great Redoubt, the principal battery, and with Colours flying rushed with the bayonet upon the defenders. One of the Colours was planted in the earthwork by Ensign Anstruther, and, in the very act of fixing it in token of victory, the gallant subaltern fell dead. The Colours dropped with him, and his blood was dyeing their silken folds.

Would his followers waver? Would they rally? For already the 23rd had suffered terribly, and there is a limit to endurance. The answer to the unspoken question was given instantly. Colour-Sergeant O'Connor snatched the Colours from the stiffening hands, and, raising them triumphantly afresh, he put new heart of grace into the 23rd. During the rest of the day he persisted in carrying the precious trophy he had saved, although he himself was shot through the chest. Afterwards he was given the Victoria Cross—one of the very first to be won—and he rose to General's rank. He is living still.

But the Great Redoubt was not yet wholly mastered. The enemy was retreating, but he was dangerous still, and it was necessary to cripple him as he went. The guns were already limbering up, and one of them was just about to drive off when Captain Edward Bell of the 23rd shouted to his company: "Take that gun, lads!" He dashed forward as he spoke, outran his men, seized the leading horse, and actually, single-handed, made the gun a prize. He also was given the Cross for his valour.

Seven Crosses were won at the Alma, and most of them for gallantry about this period of the battle. There was Lord Wantage, who, when his Scots Fusilier Guards wavered because the odds seemed hopelessly against them, stood rock-like against the Colours, and rallied his men; there was Sergeant John McKechnie, who in that supreme moment also raised his rifle and shouted: "By the centre, Scots! By the centre! Look to the Colours, and march by them!" Sergeant John S. Knox and Private Reynolds, too, were awarded the decoration for rallying the regiment that day—a rare quartette of honours; and there was another hero in Sergeant John Park, of the 77th Regiment, who gained the Cross for many acts of courage at the Alma.

While these few men were doing things which won them lasting glory, the brave fellows who fought and bled and died, and whose names have been forgotten, even if they were ever known, were holding grimly to their work, firing when firing was possible, falling back on sabre or bayonet when steel was needed, and never flinching from the death which played about them, never turning from the stern purpose of winning those frowning heights. They were thrilled and stimulated by the knowledge of success, encouraged by the capture of the Great Redoubt, heartened by the raising of the British Colours in the very stronghold of the foe.

Every soldier will tell you that there is nothing more demoralising than to be inactive under fire. It is more than human flesh can endure to remain a mere target, getting all the fire and giving none. In this respect at least war makes man unselfish. We of the Light Brigade were very much in that position, for we were within range of the Russian guns, and in the line of fire of some

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of the artillery. The result was that round shot from the heights plumped into us from time to time, and made us jump, I can tell you. But a special Providence appeared to watch over us, because we suffered no casualties worth mentioning.

I have told you that there were a few waverers—was ever a battle fought which had not some, at least, of them?—but there were noble heroes, too, humble soldiers, who fought as well as the very best, and for whom there was nothing at the finish but a soldier's grave. I do not think that the Alma made a truer hero than a Foot Guardsman whom I saw. Early in the fight he was wounded, yet he would not leave the ranks; he would not fall out; he would hold on until he sank. He tried to keep up with his regiment, and for a little while he did so, supported by his courage and excitement, but, more than all, his sense of duty. Then he was overcome by loss of blood, he dropped behind, he lagged, he lost his place. The regiment rushed on and left him—it could do nothing else.

The brave Guardsman had done his duty, and he could do no more. To reach the heights was hopeless, impossible; to fall, with horse artillery and cavalry sweeping the plain, was to run a serious risk of being killed by hoofs or crushed by gun-wheels. He could just walk, and he used his last remaining strength to come towards us and find refuge in our ranks. He advanced a little, he gained ground slightly, he came slowly nearer, and we were ready to receive him with a cheer of friendship and protection. Then, almost in the midst of those who could have helped him, saved his life, perhaps, he fell on that too bloody field. A shot had struck him, and he never moved again.

The general wish amongst the men of the Light Brigade before we received the order to advance was to get into action; but, of course, as cavalry, we could not work until the first range of heights was taken, and the Russians driven out into the open, where we could get amongst them. So we had to bide our time, and wait as patiently as we could—and that was not very patiently with some of us.

I vividly recollect the case of my old—nay, I must say, young — comrade, George Wootton, a Cheltenham man, who was riding on my left in the ranks. The excitement of battle suddenly overcame him—he was at all times rather emotional—and seized with an overwhelming wish to be in the thick of the fight, he made as if he would dash straight out of the ranks. Just as he was talking wildly a shell from the heights struck the ground not more than ten or a dozen yards in front of us. Wootton's terrified horse reared straight up, and would literally have gone over if we had not caught hold of the reins, and managed to keep him down and calm him. That sobered George for the time, and he got plenty of opportunity to work off his agitation a few minutes later.

Poor George! He was killed in the charge of the Light Brigade five weeks later. It was said amongst us then that his excitement was his undoing, for, overcome by it, he rode out of the ranks, and rushed to meet the doom which was certain to any solitary horseman in that fatal valley.

So far I had been a witness of the horrors and excitement of a battlefield from a distance. Now I was plunged into the thick of the conflict, and abruptly confronted by all the dangers of a stricken field. At such a time the incidents of war make a far deeper impression on your mind than those with which you make acquaintance as a veteran, even as the earliest happenings in one's life stand out more clearly than the later events.

One thing in particular I recall. The Horse Artillery had fired two rounds from each gun, and were advancing across the valley, the Light Brigade following them. As we rode after the retreating masses I saw a Russian lying on the ground, apparently dead. Not knowing that the cavalry were following the guns, he turned over on his side.

Then I saw that he had his rifle underneath him, and that he had raised it and fired at one of the men, who was riding on the back of a gun-carriage. The man was badly wounded, and the Russian was instantly killed by one of our troopers as we rode past. If he had remained still he would have been unhurt, for no British sabre would have been raised to cut him down. His was not the only case of treachery that day—there were many others; and we became sadly accustomed to this feigning of death in the Crimea by Russians who were scarcely wounded at all, so that they could bring down at least one of the Allies.

We kept up the pursuit until we were ordered to halt, and in spite of all that has been said about the feebleness of the harrying of the flying Russians, I think, as I have always thought, that if once they had pulled themselves together and rounded on us we should have been destroyed, and the heights would have been recaptured, because there

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Colour-Sergeant O'Connor snatched the Colours from the stiffening hands, and, raising them triumphantly afresh, he put new heart of grace into the 23rd.

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were such hosts of them, and the advantages they possessed were so great.

I can assure you that at the beginning of the battle I had little doubt as to the result, and that was that we should be compelled to abandon our attempt, and that victory, if it came at all, would be long delayed.

Yet all my gloomy fears had vanished long before we were recalled from the vale between the ridges, and knew that within three hours the first great, glorious victory of the Crimea had been won.

We had suffered heavily—the brave old 33rd Foot had lost nineteen sergeants in killed alone, mostly slain in defence of the Colours, and many British officers had perished.

The dead lay thick about the valley and in the hills, yet we were exuberant enough when we bivouacked on our first, hard-won, stern battlefield, and by our camp fires told and heard of the strange things that had been done and seen. We listened to the tales of French plundering, and listened all the harder because we ourselves had been forbidden to loot; and we heard of the curious discoveries, in the abandoned rifle-pits, of small barrels of a Russian drink called arrack, and of black bread and provisions which were plentiful enough to last six weeks. The British soldier of the Crimea was equal to almost any drink, but even he would not have been proof against the arrack, supposing he had been allowed to take it, which he was not; and so the spirit was emptied out of the casks and allowed to run to waste.

Victory is very much like other novelties. After the excitement comes the reaction; and there were none of us so callous as not to feel the effects of the battle before the morning came. Those were hard days, remember, when troops went forth to kill more deliberately than now, I think, because they were not so highly educated; for education, let people say what they will against it, is a great humaniser.

Besides, our weapons were cruder and more cruel, and hosts of poor fellows, who in these days would be saved by the skill of the surgeons, were then left to a certain fate. There was no help for it. Appliances were scarce, and the wounds that were inflicted by the old, big bullets were much more terrible than the clean perforations of to-day.

Even as we were rejoicing over our success, there were those of our own side, and amongst the Russians, too, who were vainly calling for the help which could not be afforded to them. The hot day was followed by the bitter night, and through heat and cold they had to lie on the field of battle. Thus, many who had survived the engagement itself succumbed before the day broke. And our own hot blood, too, was cooled, so that there was many a sorrowful heart amongst us when the flush of victory had passed.

You may liken our case to that of fighters with a great conflagration. While the flames are raging all is thrill and commotion, there is no time or inclination to count the cost, or contemplate the havoc which is being wrought; but when the fire has died away, and nothing but the charred timbers and gutted walls are left, how great the contrast, how cooled the spirits of the fighters! So it was with us by Alma River, and I do not minimise the courage of any of the troops engaged when I say that even then, at the very beginning of the war, there were those who would gladly have laid down their arms and hailed the tidings of peace.

And how much more gladly they would have welcomed such intelligence if they could have foreseen the sufferings and horrors which the Crimea had in store for them! Lucky, indeed, it was that for the present they were mostly possessed with the intoxication of a great and crushing victory.

The joy of triumph was succeeded by the gloom of burial. For two days after the battle we were burying our dead in the rifle-pits, and our wounded were collected and taken into hospital or on board ship. The rifle-pits were covered in and we left our fallen sleeping on the heights which they had won.

Two years later, as one of Lord Gough's escort, I visited the battlefield again. The vineyards were there, the broken ground, the ruined village, the murmuring river—all seemed strangely unchanged.

Yet there was one new thing. When we marched from the Alma the rifle-pits were raw with new earth. The earth was seen no longer—for man-high grass was softly waving over our comrades' graves.

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SHE. Ah, I can hear somebody in the next room.

HE. I'm famished!

(This little play is just the thing for amateur theatricals. For permission to perform it, application must be made to the Editor of "The Royal Magazine," 18 Henrietta Street, W.C.)

THE REASON WHY.

A Comedy of Errors.

BY A. DEMAIN GRANGE.

HE. (*A young man who wou!dn't.*)
SHE. (*A young woman who couldn't.*)
IT. (*The Reason Why.*)

The scene represents two apartments in adjacent houses, the dividing wall running down the centre of the stage. Each room has a door at the back, and both are plainly furnished. On the table in the room on the right a frugal repast is laid, consisting of a couple of herrings on a covered dish, a half-loaf of bread, a small pat of butter, and a jug of water. In the room on the left a cloth is spread halfway across the table, with a brown tea-pot, a sugar-basin, a cream-jug, a cup and saucer, and a plate of dripping-toast set upon it. A kettle, from which the steam is issuing, rests upon the fire.

SHE *is discovered in the room on the left, kneeling on the hearthrug and staring thoughtfully into the fire.*

SHE. It is very singular— (*Pause.*) We were getting to be quite good friends. (*Another pause.*) Now, on the rare occasions when we meet, he passes me with a stiff little bow or a barely civil word of greeting. I wonder what is the reason why he has changed so? I *know* he liked me at first, because he used to miss his train in the morning to stop and have a chat with me. A man wouldn't do that if he didn't—well—care for a girl. I even thought that he—he wanted to marry me. If he *had* wanted— (*Lifting the kettle off the fire, and rising quickly.*) Oh, dear! One would think I was in love with the man!

(*Goes to the table and pours some hot water into the teapot.*)

What an absurd idea—really—(*Suddenly.*) But am I?

(*Absently sets down the kettle on the cloth; then snatches it up again.*)

Oh, yes! Look at *that!* It's no good denying it—I am!

(*Goes back to fireplace, and places the kettle on the hob.*)

I've been in love with him ever since I first saw him. I can't help it, and—and I wouldn't if I could!

(*Sits in a chair, laughing weakly.*)

It is very foolish of me, I know; but—somehow—I fancy that he still likes me very much, although his manner is so stiff and formal. Of course, he is, comparatively speaking, a rich man; and I (*glancing round*) am very poor. But he doesn't know that, and, even if he did, I feel sure it wouldn't make any difference to his caring for me.

(*Smiling reflectively.*)

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He isn't that sort of man at all.

(*After a slight pause.*)

No, that cannot be the reason. And yet —Mrs. Robinson tells me he is going away to America shortly. She said it so funnily, and when I suggested that he needed a holiday, she said, "'M yes"—just like that. I suppose she meant that he would have a good time. You can, I've heard, in America—if you've got money. But then, of course, with money you can have a good time anywhere.

(*Rising and going to the table.*)

Ah, well! He's sure to meet a lot of nice girls there, and—what can I do? Obviously, nothing. But I should like to know the reason why he treats me so coldly. (*Proceeds to pour out tea. Almost immediately* HE *enters the room on the right, wearing a bowler hat and overcoat.*)

HE. Phew! Every time I pass Johnson's Universal Supply Stores I feel a thrill of emotion running down my spine. I *owe* them so much.

(*Divests himself of his coat and hat and hangs them on a peg behind the door, after which he comes to the table.*)

Oh, I say—it is too bad of Mrs. Robinson to let my—ahem!—dinner get cold like this!

(*Raising the cover and displaying the herrings.*)

The fish course will be quite spoilt! That's the worst of being so infernally hard up—the respect due to you from your landlady is paid in inverse ratio to the rent due to your landlady from you. In my case it's next-to-nothing of the one and more-than-something of the other! (*Sits at the table and falls to upon the herrings.*)

SHE (*helping herself to the dripping-toast*). Ah! I can hear somebody in the next room. It is Mr. Walker, of course, and he's——

HE. I'm famished! (*Lays down his knife and fork with a great clatter, and butters a slice of bread.*)

SHE. Oh, dear! I expect he's sitting down to a *recherché* little dinner of four or more courses, whereas I—Oh, oh, oh! (*Hammers impatiently on the table with the handle of her knife.*)

HE (*listening*). Ha! There's Millie—er —Miss Brown, I suppose I ought to say. Lucky, *lucky* little woman! She's doing herself better than (*pointing to the herrings contemptuously*), steak *aux deux yeux*, I'll be bound! Lamb and mint sauce, with a nice little omelet to follow, is more in *her* line. (*Proceeds with his meal slowly.*)

SHE (*wistfully*). I can imagine what he is having. A good plate of hot soup to begin with—then roast beef, or a big, juicy steak, with fried potatoes; after that, a tart, or a well-made pudding, and possibly fruit and coffee to end up with. (*Staring dolefully at the pile of dripping-toast.*) I wonder what he would say to making a *dinner* of *that*.

HE (*throwing down his knife and fork*). Hang it all! I can't eat the things. They're only half cooked, and taste like shaving-soap! Ugh-h! (*Pours himself out a glass of water.*)

SHE. I had forgotten, of course, he would have fish—plaice, sole, turbot, or a nice cut of salmon. (*Rapturously.*) Oh, and *mayonnaise* sauce! How *lovely!*

HE. It makes me feel quite *ill!* (*Drinks hastily.*)

SHE (*stirring her tea*). Then, I suppose he drinks wine at dinner, or perhaps a whiskey-and-Apollinaris. Oh, what wouldn't I give for just one glass of champagne to strengthen me up a bit! Tea and toast, with dripping—and *without* variation—isn't a very stimulating diet. (*Sips her tea thoughtfully.*)

HE (*setting down his plate*). Of course, she doesn't take wine with her meals. Girls generally prefer a good cup of tea. That is grateful and comforting, at any rate. But *water*—pah! (*Pushes the glass away from him, leans his elbows on the table, and sits with his head resting upon his hands.*)

SHE (*putting down her cup*). Pouff! I'm sick of this horrid stuff! Decent tea is all right, even though you have to *live* on it. But Johnson's Own Shilling Blend — horrors! It gets on my nerves. If only I did not owe them so much I'd—I'd turn over a new *leaf*, I would indeed. But you can't do it on one pound five a week. (*Sighs and proceeds with the toast.*)

HE. Thirty-five shillings a week, with an odd guinea once in a way, doesn't go far.

SHE. Rent, clothes, and things like that, run away with such a lot. Not that I spend much on dress. I haven't had a new gown for *ages!*

HE (*glancing down at his suit*). What a blessing the fashion in men's things doesn't change as often as it does in women's!

SHE. He always looks so smart.

HE. She is always so neatly and tastefully dressed. I do like *neatness* in a woman.

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SHE. I adore smartness in a man.

HE (*after a slight pause, reflectively*). What hard luck it is that she's so well off—I mean, what hard luck for me. If she hadn't been I might have married her, and we could have managed to scrape along somehow. She doesn't appear to have any friends, nor have I—and I think, nay, I am sure she likes me. But how could I ask her to marry me, when I couldn't afford to give her any of the things she's been accustomed to? It would be like asking her to dinner—without the dinner. At least, that's how it would seem to her. Fortunately, I thought of that before I had gone too far.

(*Rising.*)

No, no! The best thing I can do is to clear out to America, and try to forget about her. She'll marry some other chap, I expect, and live happily with him after I've gone.

(*Moving to the fireplace.*)

Ah, yes! That will be the best thing for her—and that's all I care about. But I—I can't help envying the other chap. (*Takes out his pipe and fills it slowly.*)

SHE (*thoughtfully*). Oh, I *wish* he was a poor man—I don't care how poor—and then I might let him know how much I like him. I could do it in lots of little ways, without — oh, well, without his knowing that I was doing it. For instance, the next time we met, I could say—— (*Pauses abruptly.*)

HE (*sucking at his pipe*). Hang the thing! It won't draw.

SHE (*smiling softly*). No, I don't think I could say that. But I could make him understand that he was——

HE (*struggling with the pipe*). I'm dashed!

SHE. The one man I cared for in the whole world. (*Sighing.*) Ah! That would be delightful!

HE (*poking a match down the side of the bowl*). Beastly nuisance!

SHE. But I daren't do it now, because he would think that it was his money I wanted, and not himself. That would be *too* awful! No, no—I can't do that.

HE (*blowing again down the pipe*). Thank goodness! (*Lights the pipe, and, drawing up a chair, sits smoking thoughtfully.*)

SHE. I must let him go away to America, and strive to forget him. That will be very hard, but it is the only thing I can do. Probably he will marry some hog-packer's daughter, and live in a palatial residence in Fifth Avenue. He will like that—the palatial residence, I mean. I'm not so sure about the hog-packer's daughter. American girls may be terribly *chic*, and all that, but I'm sure they aren't so pretty as—as——

(*At this moment there is a loud knock at the door on the left.* SHE *jumps up, and opens it, and after speaking for a moment with someone outside, returns, carrying a small, oblong envelope, bearing no stamp, and with simply a name written upon it.* SHE *brings it down to the table.*)

Johnson's account! How very—inconvenient. I'm quite afraid to look at it, because it's sure to be more than I thought it was. It always is. (*Opens the envelope, and draws out a slip of paper*). Oh—*two*

SHE. It's far more than I expected. There must be some mistake.

HE. *One pound four and tuppence farthing!* Why, that's nearly a pound less than usual.

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pounds two and eightpence! (*Drops into a chair, and sits staring blankly before her. After a few seconds, another knock is heard at the door on the right.*)

HE (*rousing himself*). Hullo! why don't you come in? (*Rises and opens the door, receiving from someone outside a similar envelope.*) For me? (*Glancing at the name.*) Ah, yes—of course. Thanks. (*Returning to the fireplace.*) The monthly bill from Johnson's Stores! I know that handwriting—I have seen it once or twice before! I wonder what the figure is this time? (*Leisurely opens the envelope and extracts the paper, glancing at it cursorily. Suddenly his face lights up.*) *One pound four and tuppence farthing!* Why—that's nearly a pound less than usual. Good

HE. Er—I beg your pardon—
SHE. Oh—Mr. Walker!

biz! (*Waves the paper above his head delightedly.*)

SHE (*looking at the paper gloomily*). It's far more than I expected. There must be some mistake—(*starting violently*). Good gracious! This is *Mr. Walker's* account, not mine! (*Stares at the paper dully.*)

HE (*examining the paper*). I hope it's all right. It seems—(*suddenly*). Heavens! This bill isn't *mine!* It's—it's *Miss Brown's!*

SHE. What's this—*margarine* at *a shilling a pound?* Oh, what a shame! It oughtn't to be more than tenpence, at the very most.

HE. Hum—sugar, twopence a pound. They charge me threepence, and I am supposed to have the cheapest!

SHE. One smoked sausage—a penny. Oh—!

HE. Dutch cheese—rice—Dutch cheese—salt—Dutch cheese. Why she must simply have *lived* on Dutch cheese!

SHE. Two eggs—cheese—cheese—cheese. Goodness! It's *all* cheese! (*There is a pause, during which they both stare at the papers thoughtfully.*)

HE. I say, though—she gets things much cheaper than I do!

SHE. They've overcharged him shamefully!

HE. That's where a woman scores.

SHE. A man always gets taken in like that.

HE. She knows the price of everything.

SHE. He never has any idea of what things cost. (*There is another pause. Then both start simultaneously.*)

HE. By Jove!

SHE. Oh—h——!

HE. If she has to live on things like that, she can't be so very well off, after all!

SHE. He can't be so rich as I thought. Indeed, it looks as if he were very *poor!*

HE. In fact, she must be jolly hard up.

SHE. Cheese and smoked sausage—poor fellow!

HE. Dutch cheese and rice—poor little girl!

SHE (*smiling faintly*). And I imagined him having soup, and roast beef, and lovely puddings, to say nothing of fruit and coffee.

HE (*with a painful smile*). Not much of a lamb-and-mint-sauce-with-a-nice-little-omelet-to-follow air about *that!*

SHE (*sighing*). Oh, dear!

HE (*groaning*). Good Lord!

SHE (*pensively*). I wonder—— (*Breaks off, and sits looking before her absently.*)

HE (*frowning*). If I thought—(*Pauses*

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abruptly. Then suddenly he starts to his feet.) By Jove! I'll take this round to her, and see if I can't find out. (*Jumps up, and going to the door takes down his hat.*) And if I do find out—well, somebody can have a steerage ticket for America dirt cheap! (*Puts on his hat and goes quickly out. A few moments later there is a knock at the door on the left.*)

SHE (*starting round*). Come in. (*The door is opened, and he enters diffidently.*)

HE. Er—I beg your pardon——

SHE (*springing up*). Oh—Mr. Walker! (*Makes as though to hide the things on the table, at which he is staring, by throwing the end of the cloth over them.*)

HE (*advancing and holding out the paper*). This—er—little account is yours, I think. It was sent to me by mistake.

SHE (*quickly*). Oh! (*Goes to him and takes the paper.*) Yes, yes—of course! They've put them in the wrong envelopes.

HE (*looking at her in surprise*). Them——?

SHE. The accounts. I have one here which was evidently intended for you. (*Holds out the other paper towards him.*)

HE (*taking it*). Ah, thank you, Miss Brown. (*Glancing at it with a feeble smile.*) This is much more like the total I am accustomed to see.

SHE. Yes?

HE. (*reading*). Two pounds two and eightpence. Ah! (*Sighs deeply as he folds up the paper and places it in his pocket.*)

SHE (*after a pause, hesitatingly*). I hardly like to mention it, Mr. Walker—but don't you think that some of the prices are—are rather exorbitant?

HE (*vaguely*). Oh—I don't know—it never struck me that they were.

SHE. Didn't it?

HE. No—that is, not until I saw yours.

SHE. But they *are* exorbitant! It is a shame to charge you so much, just because—just because you are only a man. (*Indignantly.*) Why, *I* could live on—on half that amount—— (*Pauses in some confusion.*)

HE (*looking at her eagerly*). Could you, Mil—Miss Brown?

SHE (*turning away*). E—easily.

HE (*advancing a step quickly*). Then, *will* you? I mean, will you have half?

SHE. I—I fancied that you were rich, and I knew that I was poor. But now——

SHE (*facing him*). Mr. Walker!

HE. Do—it would save me such—such a lot, you know.

SHE. How could I—I mean, *it* save you anything?

HE. By preventing my being cheated.

SHE. Yes. But then, if I had half, what would there be left for you, Mr. Walker?

HE. The better half. (*She looks at him wonderingly. He advances and takes her hand.*) *I* should have *you*, Millie.

SHE (*lowering her eyes*). Oh!

HE (*earnestly*). Won't you? I've wanted you pretty badly, Millie, ever since I first saw you. Only I didn't like to say anything because—because——

SHE (*softly*). Because?

HE. Well, you see, I thought you well off, and I had so little to offer you.

SHE. But I am *not* well off, Mr. Walker.

HE. No—thank goodness! (*Hastily.*) I mean, I'm glad you're not, because now you will know that I love you for yourself, and not for what you have.

SHE (*impulsively*). Oh, I never doubted it, Tom!

HE (*gladly*). Millie!

SHE (*quickly*). That is, I never thought that you would care for me only for what I had.

HE. But you did think that I cared for you, Millie?

SHE. Oh—well—I thought that you *liked* me. And I—— (*Pauses suddenly.*)

HE. And you?

SHE (*looking upon the ground*). I—I fancied that you were rich, and I knew that I was poor. But now—— (*She pauses again, tracing the pattern on the table-cloth with her finger.*)

HE. Yes? Now?

SHE (*turning to him shyly*). Now I can show you that I—I love you for yourself, and not for what you have.

HE. Ah! (*Takes her in his arms and kisses her.*) So *that* is the reason why?

SHE. Yes. That is the reason why.

HE. If we'd only known before!

SHE (*glancing up at him demurely*). We might have saved such a lot.

HE (*smiling*). Yes—of time. (*Slips his arm round her, and leads her slowly towards the fireplace as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

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CHAMBWA'S REVENGE

A Story of Big Game Shooting in British East Africa.

By W. B. Home-Gall.

It was only a small, moderately well-painted miniature of a lovely English girl, yet it had stirred the heart of an untutored savage in British East Africa—that great Protectorate which will one day be Britain's most valued African possession—to its lowest depths.

Leslie Strethmore valued it also. But he did not worship it as Chambwa, who had never seen the original, did. To Chambwa it was magic, and a mighty magic, too; for had not the master shown it to him one day, saying:

"This is the lady I am going to marry, Chambwa."

And Chambwa had replied:

"It is well if so it pleases the master." Whereupon Strethmore had felt a desire to kick his Wandorobbo hunter, until he reflected that, to the African, black and beauty were probably synonymous terms.

He little thought that Elsie Lowton's loveliness had caused the dusky swain's heart to beat more rapidly than the fattest Wandorobbo girl had ever done. The wonder was not at the master's choice, for that, in Chambwa's eyes, was very catholic, but that the white man should be content to wed a small piece of hard paper, even though it bore upon it the loveliest face the noted hunter had ever seen.

Yet he knew how wonderful was the white man's magic. Had he not seen a box in Mariobi, so small that a child could carry it, yet large enough to contain quite a number of men and women, for he had heard their voices singing, talking, and laughing within, until he had turned away half fearful, half fascinated.

If the magic of the white man were able to confine so many people in one small box, why should not the master be able to carry the fair, white girl in the shining round ring that held her face? It must be so, or why did the white hunter, who was, like Chambwa, a mighty hunter and no fool, fasten it to the wall of his tiny tent each night, and sit smoking and looking at it, long after the drowsy carriers had sunk to rest, and all but the master and Chambwa were asleep.

Each night Chambwa would squat outside the tent, feasting his eyes upon the miniature, until admiration was succeeded by an irresistible desire of possession.

Then did Chambwa disappear for a week; and when one evening Strethmore approached his camp, followed by a coast-boy carrying his rifle and two carriers laden with the tusks of a huge bull elephant, he was greeted by a grunting of camels, a bleating of goats, and the shrill, high-pitched voices of native women.

Wondering, he passed on, to find his camp crowded with a miscellaneous assortment of goats, camels, and women, the property of his Wandorobbo hunter.

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"Hullo, Chambwa, back again then? What on earth have you brought those things for? I had no idea you were so rich," said Strethmore, pointing to the congested corner of the small clearing.

"No, no, Lion Slayer," replied Chambwa hastily, addressing Strethmore by his native name, "Chambwa very poor, but the master has that for which the Wandorobbo's heart is sore, and he would trade."

As he spoke, the hunter beckoned to a boy of about fifteen, who brought forward two goats, a camel, and the oldest and ugliest of the four women.

"Chambwa trades one good camel, two good goats, and one wife for the white miss that master hangs in his tent at night, eh?" he offered.

Strethmore gazed at the Wandorobbo in amazement, then burst into a loud roar of laughter, which sent the inquisitive baboons fleeing from the outer fringe of the thick undergrowth.

Chambwa looked hurt. Then held up his hand a second time.

"Two camels, four goats, two wives," he said, in the tone of one who has spoken the last word to a bargain.

"You have been at the beer drinking, Chambwa, and have left your senses behind you!" cried Strethmore angrily, turning away.

"Let the master hear his slave," insisted the hunter, placing himself before the Englishman. "It is no light thing in Chambwa's mind, that face in the Englishman's tent. He has gazed upon it until his heart has melted like honey in the sun. Take all the camels, all the goats, all the wives, but of his mercy let the master give Chambwa the white woman with the hair of gold."

For the first time, Leslie Strethmore realised that the Wandorobbo was in deadly earnest. His face paled beneath its bronze. Seizing the love-lorn hunter by the throat, he shook him until his teeth rattled like castanets.

"You black scoundrel, I've a good mind to knock that ugly head of yours off your shoulders! Get out of it, quick, if you value your life, and never let me see your face again!" he roared.

"But, master, they are good camels, and the wives cost me many goats," persisted Chambwa.

Whereupon Strethmore, losing patience, wheeled the would-be barterer round, and literally kicked him out of the camp. Then, returning, he ordered his Somali headman to drive the hunter's wives and other cattle after him.

But Strethmore had not seen the last of the Wandorobbo hunter.

That night, as he lay asleep in a hammock swung from the centre-pole of his tent, he awoke with an uneasy feeling that someone was near.

It was a glorious night. The beams of the full moon played full upon the sleeping forms of his carriers stretched within the low zareba of thorns that guarded the camp, as a protection against wild beasts.

His glance wandered towards where the portrait of Elsie Lowton hung, and he rolled noiselessly from the hammock, for the long blade of a hunting-knife had already pierced the canvas immediately above it. Then the blade was withdrawn, a dark hand was thrust through the slit, and clutched at the coveted prize.

But ere the dark-brown fingers could close over the miniature, Strethmore seized the midnight marauder by the wrist, and held him tight, crying:

"Ismail — Maka — Knouti — quick! A thief!"

Immediately confusion and a clatter of tongues arose on every side, hushed by the sharp crack of a Martini, as the sleeping sentry woke, fired his rifle into the bush, and promptly bolted.

But the Somali and coast boys, aroused by their master's summons, dashed forward. Seeing a half-naked man struggling to withdraw his hand from a hole in the tent, they flung themselves upon him, and, despite his struggles, held him fast, until Strethmore, releasing his hold of the wrist, hastened outside, to find, as he had expected, that the disturber of his repose was his ex-hunter Chambwa.

"Did I not order you to keep away from my camp?" he demanded sternly, purposely ignoring the attempt to steal the portrait.

Chambwa maintained a sullen silence.

"You have disobeyed me, and must take the consequence," he continued, after waiting in vain for the prisoner to speak. "I could shoot you for this, or hand you over to the Protectorate Police, but you are not worth the trouble. Ismail, take him outside the camp, give him forty strokes with a rhinoceros-hide whip, and let him go."

Confident that his sentence would be carried out, for there was little love lost between his Somali headman and the ex-hunter, he returned to his hammock.

From that night, Elsie Lowton's portrait

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reposed in the breast-pocket of the Norfolk jacket he used in lieu of a pillow.

The next night Strethmore encamped near a Tukana village, at the foot of Mount Elysa. Here he remained a week, in search of a black guinea-fowl, reported by the natives as having been seen lately in the district, and a huge, man-eating, black-maned lion, both of which he hoped to add to his collection.

Knowing the Galla's love of exaggeration, Strethmore did not credit the native reports of the lion's size and ferocity, but one evening there came a great outcry from the village, and the greyheaded headman rushed into the white man's camp, crying that his youngest daughter, a pretty, well-behaved girl of sixteen, had been carried off by the Black One.

Snatching up an express, and ordering his gun-bearer to follow with a second rifle, Leslie Strethmore accompanied the bereaved father to the village, where he heard, to his disgust, that a number of young men, armed only with spears and trade guns, had already gone in search of the man-eater.

Eager to overtake the hunters before they could frighten their quarry away he followed. An hour later he met the hunters returning, carrying the mutilated body of the girl, and filling the air with shouts of grief, interrupted with loud boastings of how the Black One, not daring to face their spears, had fled at their approach.

Hoping yet to get a shot at the man-eater, Strethmore pressed on, until he reached the place where the natives had recovered the body. It was on the banks of a small, marshy pool, and there, by the bright light of the African moon, he saw the impression of a single footprint, deep in the yielding sand.

Never before had Strethmore seen so large a pad. His whole being thrilled with excitement, and he moved swiftly towards some thickly-wooded mountain slopes, whither the young men had said the Black One had retreated.

He knew, none better, the folly of plunging into the darkened undergrowth on the track of a hungry lion, but discretion was not one of Strethmore's characteristics. Confident in his iron nerve, his keen eyesight, his quick pull on the trigger, he forced his way through thorn and scrub, his eyes aglow with delight, his frame strung, his heart utterly devoid of fear. Fear was an unknown quantity to Leslie Strethmore as yet.

He was not fated to try conclusions with the Black One that night, nor for several nights to come, though, rifle in hand, he searched the upper slopes of Mount Elysa, confident that a beast with so heavy a pad was no plain-dweller, but an occupant of the more elevated plateau.

The same mocking sprite that induces a Londoner to carry an umbrella on fine days, and leave it conscientiously at home on wet ones, ordained that Strethmore should be armed with a rifle on the two occasions when he caught a brief glimpse of the rare black guinea-fowl, and a fowling-piece, loaded with dust-shot, when at last he found himself face to face with the black-maned lion.

It happened thus.

One day as, worn out and ill-tempered, he threaded a tortuous native path, leading from the heights to the village, Chambwa, earth-stained and woe-begone, emerged from behind a clump of aloes, and flinging himself at his master's feet, cried:

"Ah, Lion Slayer, be not always angry with poor Chambwa! He has been bad, but he is very good now."

Strethmore glanced at the Wandorobbo's appealing face; then, seizing him by his queerly-dressed, mud-daubed hair, drew him to his feet.

"Did I not tell you never to look me in the face again?" he demanded sternly.

"True, O master, but Chambwa is sorry. He has drunk of the blood of a white hen when the moon was fine big, and the witchcraft is killed. The picture face of the Lion Slayer's wife can no longer move him to madness."

Strethmore nodded. He knew the Wandorobbo considered the blood of a white fowl, drunk with weird ceremonies at the full moon, a sovereign remedy against witchcraft, and had seen miraculous cures effected by the simple expedient, for faith-healing is successful whenever a man has nerves. Chambwa, too, was invaluable as a *shikari*, so, not unwilling to regain his services, he read the listening savage a homily on honesty and loyalty, then handed him his rifle as a sign that he was reinstated in his former responsible position.

"May Chambwa speak?" asked the hunter some five minutes later.

Strethmore gave consent by motioning the repentant hunter to his side.

"Does the Lion Slayer still desire the black guinea-fowl?" demanded the Wandorobbo.

"I have seen it once or twice, but it is very cunning. I will first slay the man-eater, then hunt this bird," returned his master.

"Has the white man seen any sign of the big lion during the last three days?" queried

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Chambwa, in the tone of one who asks a question he knows will be answered in the negative.

Strethmore looked inquiringly at him.

"He has gone to the waters of the big lake," explained Chambwa. "A Makiti trader told me. If so it pleases the master, to-morrow I will show him the black guinea-fowl, then lead him to where the Black One has fled from the white man he fears."

"If you are sure of that, Chambwa," replied Strethmore, "we will move south in the morning."

"But what of the bird?" demanded Chambwa anxiously.

"That must wait until I have settled accounts with the man-eater," declared Strethmore.

Chambwa turned away, that the white man might not see the light of baffled hatred which flashed into his eyes.

"It is as the master wishes. Yet ere we can return the birds will have flown to the cooler lands of the south," he declared submissively.

"If I thought we could come across a specimen I could send the bearers ahead, secure the bird, and follow," said Strethmore, half to himself, half to his follower.

"Chambwa will lead the master to the bird's haunts ere the sun grows hot," persisted the hunter, with ill-suppressed eagerness.

"All right, we will leave Ismail to pack up, and try to get a shot at this elusive guinea-fowl," agreed Strethmore, and Chambwa was content.

"Chambwa . . . has drunk of the blood of a white hen when the moon was fine big."

Early the following morning, after a hasty meal of waterbuck steak, coffee, and native bread, Strethmore, accompanied only by Chambwa carrying his express, left the camp.

Save for a large hunting knife at his belt, and a twelve-bore shot gun loaded with dust-shot, the Englishman was unarmed, though Chambwa carried his favourite double-barreled express.

Unquestioningly following the hunter's lead, Strethmore soon lost all idea of locality in the thick, luxurious vegetation through which they traveled.

Presently Chambwa came to an abrupt

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halt on the edge of a precipice. Forty feet below lay a tiny valley, a hundred yards long by twenty wide, hemmed in on all sides by absolutely unscalable cliffs.

"Black guinea-fowl yonder, master," he whispered, pointing to a small clump of bushes at one end of the chasm.

Strethmore peeped over the edge of the cliff and shuddered. Why, he would have found it difficult to say. A stolid, healthy, unimaginative young Englishman, there was little room for fancy-bred fantasies in his sound, common-sense brain.

In truth it was a weird, uninviting spot, littered with boulders, and covered with a deep coating of dull red dust that forbade vegetation, save where some fallen soil, the result of a recent subsidence, allowed the small plantation, in which the hunter declared the black guinea-fowl was hidden, to take root.

But the very instinct that warned Strethmore against a further advance served as a spur to urge him on. Accustomed to speak by signs in the proximity of game, he glanced interrogatively at Chambwa, who pointed to a tree growing on the very edge of the cliff, its gnarled roots protruding from the rock to within a dozen feet of the bottom.

Slinging his gun

He looked up at his hunter, and prepared to let go.

over his back, Strethmore flung one arm round the tree, and allowed his legs to drop over the edge. There was no visible means of return, but it had never been his wont to trouble his head about a safe retreat. Experience had taught him that there were few traps so desperate that a brave man could not force his way out.

Very cautiously, for he feared lest a dislodged stone should flush his game ere he reached the bottom, he dropped from root to root, until his groping feet found no further resting-place.

A glance below showed that the fall was nothing, so he looked up at his hunter, and prepared to let go. A thrill that was almost of fear swept through his frame, for he read hate, deadly and triumphant, in the hunter's eyes.

"Hold up, Leslie, you're getting nervous in your old age. What harm can he do you?" muttered the Englishman, as he dropped lightly to the bottom of the chasm, sending up a cloud of red dust that, entering his nose and mouth, kept him busily engaged for several seconds combating against an almost irresistible desire to sneeze.

Panting and breathless he cast a comprehensive glance around, and noted that the furthermost end of the oblong rift had at

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some very recent date presented a sloping entrance, but was now entirely blocked up by a huge rock that had rolled down from the towering mountain above him.

Opening the breech of his gun, to make sure that the cartridges were in place, he shut it to with his finger, pressing the top bolt, and moved silently towards the thicket.

On the outskirts of the thicket he came to an abrupt halt, and gazed, every nerve athrill, every muscle taut, at a well-trodden path, indented with the deep pad and short, protruding claws of a lion, which from their unusual size he knew could have been made by no other than the Black One.

Was it accident that had brought him hither? He cast a swift glance to where Chambwa squatted on the lip of the precipice, his face contorted with awful hate, and his unspoken question was answered.

Rage in his heart, he had already turned to retrace his steps, when a loud, angry roar boomed from side to side of the rocky defile.

Wheeling,he saw a huge, black-maned lion approaching along a low, tunnel-like path beneath the scrub.

It was, indeed, a magnificent beast, larger by far than any he had yet encountered. Its huge bulk was increased by a thick black mane, and long tufts of black hair beneath its body that swept the ground as it walked.

For nearly a minute Strethmore stood face to face with the mighty beast whose domain he had invaded. Then, with a low growl, the beast charged.

Raising his gun to his shoulder he pulled both triggers, then wheeled round, and with a deep-chested, pain-laden roar ringing in his ears, ran as he had never run before towards the roots by means of which he had entered that Valley of Death.

"Quick, Chambwa, the Black One is here! Drop my rifle!" he demanded breathlessly, as he halted at the foot of the tree.

The Wandorobbo deigned no reply, but, glancing down, spat scornfully towards him.

The action roused Strethmore to a fury.

"You treacherous scoundrel, you shall suffer for this. I *will* live, if only to cut your black heart out with a rhino hide," he shouted angrily.

"Bah, big white fool, my back yet smarts from the blows you ordered me—me, a chief of the Wandorobbo. I made oath to kill you, and the Forest God showed me a way. I tracked the Black One here. My young men rolled yonder rock across the only way in.

I waited until three days' fast had made him mad for meat ere I lured you here. Now let he, whom men call the Lion Slayer, prove his right to the name. Die, cursed white man, die!" The last words came in a shriek of rage and satisfied revenge.

A low, panting growl close behind, followed by the rush of an enormous body through the air, and Strethmore flung himself sideways to the ground just as the lion, flying over the spot where he had stood a moment before, hurled itself with fearful force against the face of the rock.

With a vague sense of wonder that he was still alive Strethmore scrambled to his feet, then as the lion also arose and stood, moving its head from side to side as it sniffed the air, he understood why the attack had been so long delayed, and why his foe had missed its spring.

His last despairing shot had been fired to cow the regal beast, and secure a few moments' respite so that he could secure his rifle. But it had been pregnant with results beyond his most sanguine hopes. The spreading dust-shot, entering both eyes, had deprived the beast of sight.

Barely had the Englishman made this discovery ere the lion renewed the attack, rolling over amongst the loose boulders as its impetuous charge was wasted on the air, and Strethmore, dashing in upon his sprawling foe, aimed a blow at its head with his clubbed gun that brought a howl of rage from the watching native.

An involuntary movement saved the animal's head, and the gun stock striking its shoulder brought it, roaring with rage and pain, to its feet. Then, guided by smell and hearing alone, the blind monster followed swiftly after the fleeing man, who, glancing up at the rocky walls as he ran for some jutting cave or trailing vine which might offer escape from his fearful prison, fled down the chasm.

Within six feet of the huge boulder which Chambwa's cunning had used to block the only exit from the valley, he tried to turn, but a piece of rock slipped from under his feet, and he sprawled headlong on the ground.

He gave himself up for lost, but through a cloud of red dust he saw the lion, with front and hind claw-armed feet outstretched, fly over him, so close that the long hairs beneath the yellow body swept across his face.

Then followed a dead, leaden sound, accompanied by a gasping roar, and he knew that the blind, rage-maddened beast had again come in violent contact with the rocky wall of his prison.

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In a moment he was afoot once more, and, skimming swiftly back whence he had come, his ears were assailed by Chambwa's taunting laughter.

"Run, white man, run! Ah, it is fine sport! The great white master fleeing like a mouse from a mere cat. What think you of Chambwa's revenge now?" mocked the Wandorobbo.

Then the native's laughter died away, and a grunt of alarm burst from his lips as he raised Strethmore's rifle from the ground, and stood ready to fire at his victim, for the white man's fingers had closed round a twisted root, but only for a moment. The next, with a chuckle of fiendish merriment, Chambwa leant the rifle against the tree as he saw his foe fall back to the bottom, then scramble off on all fours, his coat torn from collar to waist, and a dark streak of blood flowing from a wound in his shoulder where the lion's left claw had ripped flesh and clothes alike.

Then the fearful chase was resumed. Backwards and forwards, up and down the narrow limits of the barred defile, until, his heart thumping like a steam-engine, half suffocated by the dust which arose at every step, Strethmore tightened his grip on his knife, tempted to risk all on one short, sharp struggle at close quarters.

But well he knew that, even if he emerged from the desperate conflict a victor, he would be so mauled that he must fall an easy victim to the Wandorobbo, who, squatting on his haunches, watched the struggle with breathless interest, only opening his lips to hurl some stinging taunt or opprobrious insult at his victim.

As the sun mounted higher and higher in the heavens Strethmore's sufferings grew intense. Deadly weary, half fainting with heat, the pain of his wounded shoulder, and thirst, he stumbled round and round the narrow limits of his prison, for the lion, taught by repeated failures, and realising that its victim could not escape, seemed determined, with the fearful pertinacity a stoat shows when on the track of a rabbit, to tire him out.

As, with blackened tongue protruding from his cracked and parched lips, he stumbled on, Strethmore became conscious of a new and strange sensation, such as he had never known before.

It was fear! Strength-sapping, brain-bewildering, heart-chilling fear, and, from his constant retreat being a coolly considered and deliberate mode of defence, it was in danger of becoming a mad rush of increasing panic. With a sudden shame, that sent the blood rushing from heart to face, he realised that he was rapidly becoming a coward.

A coward! The thought banished the unnerving terror as the rising sun dispels the morning mists.

Fearful lest, in his weakened state, the shameful emotion should return, he determined to adopt bolder tactics ere his strength failed.

But before he died, for he had little doubt now how the unequal fight must end, he longed for one last drink to lessen the burning torment he endured. There must be water near. Two days before it had rained heavily, and doubtless within the shadow of the copse some tiny pool yet lingered. But he dared not attempt to penetrate the thicket. Ere he could pass its outer fringe the lion would be upon him, whilst to dive down the path from which the Black One had emerged would be to risk finding himself in a leafy cul-de-sac, from which there might be no escape.

Then a strange thing happened—call it illusion, what you will, but, if you are wise, not in Leslie Strethmore's hearing. Floating over a small flowering shrub, where the vegetation touched the bare rock-wall, appeared Elsie Lowton, clad as he had seen her last, waving farewell from the dockhead at Southampton.

The vision lasted but a moment, and as Strethmore gazed at the spot where it had been, a muffled "Hurrah!" burst from his swollen lips, for he had caught the sheen of water beneath the shrub's gaudy crimson and gold flowers.

He had come to an abrupt halt, and the action would have been fatal had not the lion, rendered suspicious by the sudden cessation of sound, stopped also. Ere it could make up its mind to attack, Strethmore had recommenced his flight.

Unless he could in some way shake off the lion, the water might as well be in the Zambesi as here! Stooping now and again, he selected several small pieces of rock. Then, when he got back to the flowering shrub, he stepped lightly aside, and hurled the stones before him.

For a moment his fate hung in the balance, and he grasped his knife, prepared for the final struggle. Then he held his breath, as, without a moment's hesitation, the lion followed the noise made by the falling stones.

Moving the branches noiselessly aside, the hunted man dropped on his knees before a

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Through a cloud of red dust he saw the lion, with front and hind claw-armed feet outstretched, fly over him.

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tiny pool, and, plunging his head into its refreshing waters, swallowed a long, deep draught ere he rose to his feet, to find the lion in the centre of the chasm, sniffing the air in search of his lost foe, or turning his sightless eyes towards Chambwa, who, furious at the way Strethmore had baffled his foe, was loading the beast with weird and fearful native expletives.

Seated on a rock, Strethmore drew in fresh strength with every breath, until the lion, winding his prey, bounded towards him; then, rising, Strethmore continued his flight, until he had filled his pockets with stones, when, coming to an abrupt halt, he repeated his previous experiment.

Again the lion moved past him; then it gave tongue to a loud, agonised howl, as Strethmore, springing forward, aimed a downward stab between the huge shoulders.

But the beast's sudden halt disconcerted his aim, and his arm tingled to the elbow as the highly-tempered steel, striking a bone, shivered in his grasp.

Maddened by the pain, the lion resumed the chase with redoubled fury, until contact with the wall again brought him to his senses, and he recommenced his former stalking tactics.

But Strethmore had hit upon a fresh plan.

There was only one path of escape possible, namely, the roots by which he had descended, and he commenced operations by raising in his flight a large boulder, and dropping it close beneath the lowest root as he flew by.

This fresh development evidently puzzled the Wandorobbo, and it was not until the pile of rocks had grown almost tall enough for Strethmore's purpose that he realised the meaning of the manœuvre. With a cry of alarm he swung himself over the brow of the precipice, and hacked at the lower roots with his keen, broad-bladed hunting-spear.

Attracted by the ring of iron on the wood, the lion came to a halt immediately beneath the hunter, and filled the chasm with reverberating roars, as, placing his forefeet on the rock, he strove to reach his unseen foe.

Left to himself, Leslie Strethmore raised a rounded piece of rock, balanced it, hesitated; then, reflecting that it was Chambwa's life or his own, launched it, with the clear, easy throw of an old cricketer, at the Wandorobbo's head.

Hurled by one who had more than once hit the batter's wickets from long off at the Oval, the rock flew true to its mark.

With a shriek of terror and dismay Chambwa threw up his hands, clutched wildly at the roots, dropped heavily on to the astonished lion, then, bounding off, fell sprawling amongst the boulders.

In a moment he was up and fleeing for dear life from the angry beast, whilst Strethmore, clambering up the pile of rock he had erected at such a fearful risk, grasped the protruding roots, and a minute later was stretched, panting and breathless, on the spot from which Chambwa had watched his prolonged torture.

The tables were now turned with a vengeance. But, richly though the Wandorobbo deserved his fate, Leslie Strethmore could not leave him to the mercy of the lion. Snatching the rifle from its resting-place, he rolled over on to his face and glanced into the chasm.

Even as he did so a shrill shriek of terror burst from Chambwa's lips. Strethmore saw the huge, shaggy form upraised; the fearful claws descended, and, even as he pulled the trigger, Chambwa sank to the ground, his skull shattered beneath a fearful blow from the lion's paw.

A moment later, the Black One plunged heavily over the body of his victim, a bullet from the rifle of the best shot in Africa lodged in his brain.

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CAP AND BELLS

A CONSIDERATION.

HUSBAND: "I really think you might have had that ball-dress made a little higher in the neck—to say nothing of the back."

WIFE: "I'll have it changed if you wish, but this stuff costs fifty shillings a yard."

HUSBAND: "Um—well, never mind."

* * * * *

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Although my house is rather *small*
And *not* in good repair,
It does not trouble me at all—
The reason I don't care
Is, half the time I'm living in
A Castle in the Air.

When I am backward with the rent
My landlord is a bear
(Although he *calls* himself "a gent");—
But, still, he'd never dare
To try to put the brokers in
***My* Castle in the Air.**

One day I hope to wed a wife
Who'll be content to share
With me the ups and downs of life—
Of course, the happy pair
Will do their honeymooning in
A Castle in the Air.

I'd like to start a company
(But don't know "bull" from "bear");
With proper management 'twould be
A great success, I swear—
A company, I mean, for building
Castles in the Air!

Ada Leonora Harris.

IMPOSSIBLE.

MAGISTRATE (sternly): "Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again?"

PRISONER: "Yes, your worship; but I couldn't make the policeman believe it."

* * * * *

It happened that a neighbour's b b
Made Farmer Brown so ill at e e,
By stealing honey from his p p,
That he resolved the thieves to c c.

But Farmer Brown was far from y y,
He did not mind his p p and q q;
The wary foes made for his i i,
And now those i i are out of u u.

J. G. Westmoreland.

* * * * *

LEARNING WISDOM.

"Have you taken up your carpets this year?" asked one neighbour of another.

"No, I don't take them up, and I'll tell you why. Carpets will easily last ten years, if you let 'em a'one; but if I cleaned and beat them, my back wouldn't last more than two years. I've decided to let the wear and tear come on the carpets."

* * * * *

AN EXTRA NECK.

"You'll be late for the office, George!"
"Can't help it dear' You know this is neck morning."

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AT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TREAT:
***Child:* "Please, Teacher, I don't like my bun."**
***Teacher:* "Well, dear, you need not eat it."**
***Child:* "Please, Teacher, I have eaten it."**

MUCH BETTER.

"Madame Bleach has invented a complexion remedy that is going to bring an immense fortune to her."

"Does it make one fair as a lily in one application?"

"Pooh, no! It makes you look as sunburnt and freckled as if you'd been away for the whole summer."

* * *

A BORN DIPLOMATIST.

Charley was caught napping on the verandah of the seaside hotel. A pair of soft little hands covered his eyes, and a sweet voice commanded: "Guess who it is?"

Nothing very dreadful for Charley in this, you think, but, then, you don't know that Charley was engaged to two girls, and, for the life of him couldn't decide which voice it was, which made it a very embarrassing situation for Charley. A wrong guess would lead to complications awful to think of. But a happy thought inspired Charley, and he announced: "It's the dearest, sweetest little girl in all the world."

"Oh, you lovely boy!" gurgled the satisfied one, as she removed her hands.

And now Charley thinks of applying for a foreign ministry, feeling that his talents would be wasted in any other than a diplomatic field.

* * * * *

HIS MISTAKE.

HE: "I believe you cared for me the first time we ever met."

SHE: "Why, what makes you think so?"

HE: "Because you kept looking at me so steadily. Every time I glanced in your direction your gaze was riveted upon me."

SHE: "Oh, but it wasn't because I had fallen in love with you. I was thinking what a pity it was there was no one near and dear to you who could tell you what wretched taste you had in neckties."

HE KNEW.

A visitor at a school, during a geography lesson, asked a child:

"What is the axis of the earth?"

"An imaginary line, passing from one pole to the other, on which the earth revolves," answered he proudly.

"Yes," said his examiner, well pleased. "And could you hang a hat on it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Indeed, and what kind of a hat?"

"An imaginary hat, sir."

* * * * *

GOING TO GET WED.

An enterprising ironmonger in a small country town, recently posted the following announcement in front of his shop:

"The reason why I have hitherto been able to sell my goods so much cheaper than anybody else is that I am a bachelor, and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of wife and children. It is now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will be shortly withdrawn from them, as I am about to be married. They will, therefore, do well to make their purchases at once at the old rate."

* * *

OVERHEARD AT THE TAILOR'S.

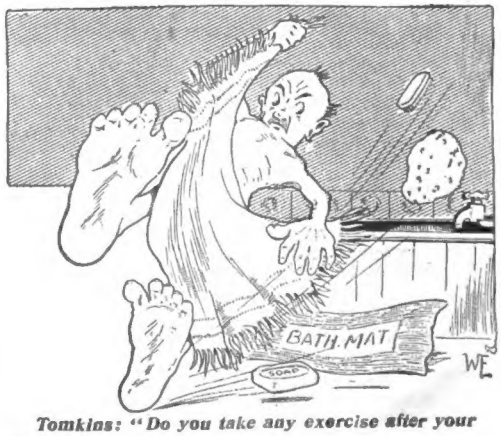
BOY: "Please will you give me some trouser patterns for father to see?"

SHOP-ASSISTANT: "Certainly; what kind does your father prefer?"

BOY: "Oh, father is not at all particular as to the patterns, so long as they are strong enough to hold up our creeper."

Indignation on the part of the assistant can better be imagined than described.

"Did you feel cold in church this morning?"
"Yes, I felt quite isolated."



***Tomkins:* "Do you take any exercise after your bath?"**

***Simpson:* "Yes, I usually tread on the soap as I get out."**

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Out on "Bail."

IT'S AN ILL WIND—

LEA (despondently): "By George, my luck is awful. I just consulted an oculist about my eyes and he has ordered me to stay in a dark room for two weeks."

PERRINS (photo-friend): "Hurrah, the very thing, old man. Take advantage of it. I've got 150 plates I d like you to develop."

* * *

A NASTY BLOW.

CLARA: "I see Cynthia has decorated her room with guns, pistols, and the like."

CORA: "Yes, she has always been a great girl for having arms about her."

* * *

NOT TILL TOO LATE.

A man never realises what a prize he wilfully threw away until some other man gets her.

* * *

AMBIGUITY.

APPLICANT: "Do you take in boarders?"

LANDLADY: "No, I don't take in boarders. They always get what they pay for."

* * * * *

PROOF POSITIVE.

"Are you sure you love her?" asked his friend.

"Absolutely," answered the young man. "I've been her partner at bridge when she forgot what trumps were, and didn't lose my temper."

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AN AWKWARD FACT.

"My friend," said the debtor to the blustering bill-collector, "have you ever stopped to think that if all fellows like me paid their bills regularly you'd be out of a job?"

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DISGRACEFUL.

MRS. NUBBINS: "My husband is a perfect brute."

FRIEND: "You amaze me!"

MRS. NUBBINS: "Since the baby began teething nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling papa's beard—and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off."

Athletic Note.—Going for a long tramp.

SHE HAD DONE IT ALL.

SHE: "Of course you all talked about me as soon as I left?"

HER FRIEND: "No, dear; we thought you had attended to that sufficiently."

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THE MILLIONAIRE.

In early life he spoilt his health
In order to get wealthy,
And now, poor wretch, he spends his wealth
In trying to get healthy!

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QUITE TRUE.

MATTIE: "I want you to know I don't stand on trifles."

HELEN (glancing at her feet): "No, dear, I see you don't."

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MODERN CONVENIENCES.

HOUSE HUNTER: "Seems to me this house isn't very well built. The floor shakes when we walk."

AGENT: "Um, yes! That's the new kind of spring floor for dancing, you know."

HOUSE HUNTER: "And these stairs creak terribly."

AGENT: "Ye-s; we furnish this new patent burglar alarm staircase without extra charge."

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IF!

This would be a very happy world if people would always wear the expression they do when they are having their photographs taken.

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AN EPITAPH.

There is a story often told in a certain newspaper office of an editor who penned the following valedictory leader: "This issue of the *Denton Daily Dodger* is the last. The paper was started ten years ago owing to the editor's need of money. Strange to say its discontinuance is due to the same cause."

A DIFFICULT CUSTOMER.

Barber (to Porcupine): "Sh—sh—shampoo, sir?"

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

HUMOUR: ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

CAN we appreciate American humour? Can American appreciate ours?

These questions are suggested by an article dealing with snakes, which appeared in these pages, written by an Englishman with the best aptitude for spinning "tall" stories I have ever come across. He told them with a scientific gravity that absolutely took your breath away; and, as he interspersed them with perfectly true and plausible tales, the effect was bewildering and ridiculous to a degree.

Among other things, he spoke of a certain genus of American snake—he christened it, by the way, with a bogus Latin name—which suffered in captivity, so he solemnly assured my readers, from foot-and-mouth disease. In England, that and similar jokes of his were swallowed with relish.

But it was from an American that I received only lately a letter full of learned and indignant refutations of my contributor's statements. Among other things the American said: "As for the genus"—here he gave the many-syllabled Latin name—"I have my doubts, sir, as to whether such a snake exists at all.

I have failed to discover any reference to it in the standard works on the subject." (Can't you imagine the poor Yankee sitting in the public library, diligently searching through many ponderous tomes for the bogus reptile?) "Moreover," he concludes, "to say that it suffers from foot-and-mouth disease is an absurd statement. No genus of snake, so far as I am aware, possesses feet at all."

I handed this letter to my contributor, the author of the article. He shook his head sadly, and with imperturbable gravity, wrote the following reply:

DEAR SIR,

You are quite right. My statement that the —here follows the vast Latin name—suffers from the foot-and-mouth disease is an absurd statement.

Yours truly, etc.

DO THEY BITE?

Which reminds me of an amusing incident that occurred a few days ago. You remember the design on the April cover—the nigger showing all his teeth in a huge laugh?

Well, I happened to go to Euston with a friend to meet an American, who had just arrived in England. Almost his first words on greeting me were: "Well, is the ROYAL dead yet?"

"Dead!" said my friend. "Look, man!" and he pointed to a row of grinning ROYALS displayed on the bookstall.

"Holy Moses!" cried the Yankee, jumping back, "Do they bite?"

THE SONGS OF SPRING.

Even if English weather should sometimes make you forget that Spring has arrived, the poet is always at hand as a reminder. In come his works—sonnets, odes, and ballads on all the old themes; snowdrops and daffodils, and nightingales and cuckoos, buds and rainbows. All the dear old rhymes are there: "love" and "dove" and "heaven above"; "spring" and "sing" and "the copses ring."

That's where an Editor scores. If *you* want to hear the birds singing in May you have to wait for a holiday and go out into the country. I, on the contrary, have only to sit at my desk to be saturated with the Spring songs. I'm a lucky man.

The Spring poet is usually treated as a joke, but, for my part, I cannot understand why people refuse to take him seriously. Surely if it pleases certain individuals to relieve their feelings by dropping into poetry at the annual return of Spring, no one is any the worse? Even if the poets go further than this, and send their songs to an editor, he need not accept them unless he likes.

Personally, I have read a great quantity of Spring poetry, both good and bad, and I am still kindly disposed towards the perpetrators of it. I regard them as the harbingers of summer.

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